The Literary Digest

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 31, 1931

TOPICS OF THE DAY

Peace Efforts Rekindle Our League War

THESE GILBERTS have a way of making history.

There was the youthful S. Parker, who went to Germany from the Treasury Department to win fame as the Agent General for Reparations.

And now comes Prentiss B. (no relation), from comparatively obscure service in the State Department, to become the first American official to sit with the League of Nations Council.

For this unprecedented rôle, Mr. Gilbert's friends, as we gather from the press dispatches, seemed to think him eminently fitted. He is credited with having a keen mind and a sharp, if sarcastic, wit. He has been educated in five different colleges, and has expert knowledge of European affairs. Disdaining golf and tennis, his particular love is said to be "a canoe in good or bad weather."

Well, canoeist Gilbert is expected to have need of all his dexterity in the storms likely to be encountered both at Geneva and at Washington. For the Council of the League, with which he now sits, is finding the Manchurian snarl a difficult knot for even so dexterous a diplomat as Briand to untangle. And at Washington there are rumblings indicating that the Hoover-Stimson policy of "sitting in" with the League may arouse all the passions of the anti-League campaign of 1919 and 1920, and our peace efforts at Geneva may start hostilities in Washington.

Wide World

First American to Sit With the League Council

Prentiss Bailey Gilbert, State Department expert on European affairs, Consul at Geneva, and now associated with the Council of the League of Nations in settling the Manchurian crisis.

TRUE, in all the official correspondence and in Mr. Gilbert's own little speech at the Council table, it was emphasized that he is participating simply in order to uphold the provision of the Kellogg-Briand treaty outlawing war. And yet to one observant press correspondent there was evident an effort on the part of the League officials at that first meeting with Mr. Gilbert to give to the occasion a "special solemnity as a sort of feast of brotherhood set forth before the prodigal propounder of the League returned after years of absence."

The pertinent question which now arises, declares the Hartford *Courant* (Rep.), "is how much longer the United States can keep out of the League, despite its inclination to stay out." It looks to this paper "as if the League will again become a political issue with us."

If we deliberately persist in this policy, "we might just as well become part of the League and help pay its expenses," declares Chairman Fred A. Britten (Rep. Ill.) of the House Naval Affairs Committee. And this, he says, "is a most dangerous position for us to be in, and not in accord with the publicly exprest opinion of a great majority of the people of the United States." Senator Borah says that "he would have had nothing to do with the League." From San Francisco Senator Hiram Johnson bitterly cries out that "what the American people said in emphatic terms should not be done, the Administration now does; into the League, America is shoved despite our people." The Universal Service correspondent at Washington predicts a new fight between the Senate and the President over this matter.

DEMOCRATS are said to view the situation with satisfaction, according to Ulric Bell of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* (Ind.). For they see it now impossible for Republicans to use the isolationist argument against strong pro-League Democratic Presidential possibilities, such as Newton D. Baker, for instance. Democratic spokesmen, notes this writer, have recently been disposed to emphasize foreign affairs in attacking the Administration. And on the other side—

"Republicans among the so-called 'bitter-enders' realize well the implications of this situation, and those who also belong to the Republican Old Guard, whose task it is to point with pride to the fulfilment of Republican platform pledges by Mr. Hoover, are frankly bewildered.

"It is not easy, according to the old guardsmen, to boast about platforms pledging the party to keep the country out of the League of Nations and against cancelation of the war debts when the United States in fact has both feet on the League threshold and in effect has forgiven the debts.

"These groups fairly gasped when Secretary of State Stimson made it clear that this time there would be no backdoor entrance into the League but entry by the front door at the session of the Council at Geneva."

The Hearst papers hammer Hoover hard on this point. His action, declares the New York *American*, "makes the United States, to all intents and purposes, a member of the League of

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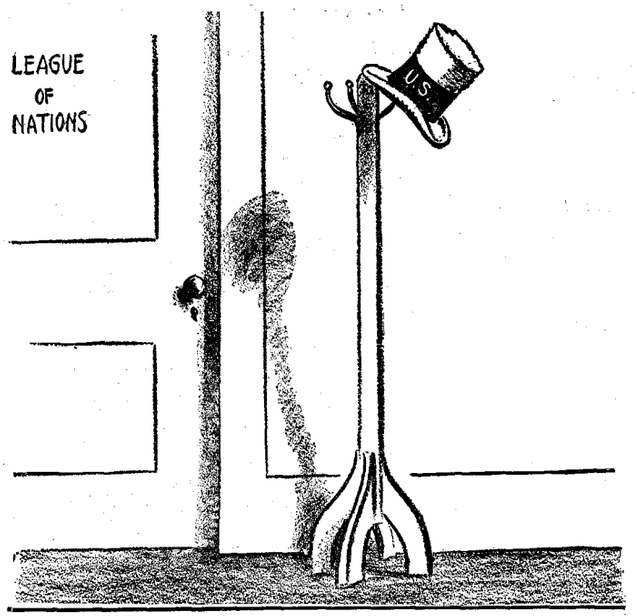
Nations." It sees the country "contrary to its will and against its exprest wishes, tottering on the brink of the European abyss where it needs only a slight push from any quarter to be mired up to its neck in the European turmoil." Herbert Hoover, concludes this daily, "was elected President of the United States and should rid his internationalist mind of the Wilsonian delusion that he is President of the world." The Tulsa *World* (Ind.) of Oklahoma argues that, "whether we sneaked in or were pulled in does not matter so much; the fact is that we are in—for trouble." "As a sample of nitwit diplomacy, our back-door entry into the League of Nations takes the cake," is the blunt way the



Is He In or Out?

—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis "Post-Dispatch."

Denver *Post* (Ind.) expresses its opinion. Let Hoover beware, cries out the Sacramento *Bee* (Ind.) in California—if he persists in his course, "he is inviting and will receive the just and righteous repudiation which was the portion of Woodrow Wilson."

THERE is some worry in editorial minds over the manner of our joining with the League in this case. It is recalled that Japan first objected to inviting the United States and then modified her stand by declaring that she had no objection to our joining, but adding that it is quite unfair for the United States to take part in a case affecting Japan when it is not prepared to act in any and all cases. "This nation can not become an active member for one case and refuse that for another case," says the Columbus *Ohio State Journal* (Rep.). By finally consenting, reasons the Philadelphia *Record* (Ind.), Japan "has made it impossible for the United States to keep out of any future controversy without showing discrimination." And *The Record* declares that when the Senate convenes this winter, "it must make the nation's position clear," "it must either approve the action of the President—in which case we should accept full membership in the League—or it should repudiate the action of the President."

But others are chiefly imprest by the lack of opposition aroused by our new League policy. In his Baltimore *Sun* column Mr. Frank Kent finds the "irreconcilables" strangely calm and unvociferous. Perhaps, he says, they are holding their fire until they know whether the Hoover-Stimson policy is going to succeed or fail. But Mr. Kent is not alone in finding other reasons:

"Another explanation is that since the practically unanimous approval of the Hoover moratorium for reparations and debts there has seeped into the minds of politicians of both parties the suspicion that antidebt-cancelation sentiment, so generally taken for granted, has been vastly overestimated.

"In fact, the popular reaction to the moratorium proposal was pretty convincing evidence that this sentiment was largely a myth.

"If. it was agreed, they were so completely mistaken about the way people felt concerning the war debts, it is probable they exaggerated the anti-League and anti-Court sentiment as well. The shrewder politicians in both parties have recently somewhat readjusted their ideas as to popular feeling on these subjects."

AT the White House, according to the dispatches, the response from the country is being construed as most favorable. And, indeed, there are papers, Republican and Democratic, East and West, North and South, which can find only praise for the President's move and only smiles at the notion that we are thereby being unduly entangled with the League. The Boston *Transcript* (Rep.) can see "not even the tail end of a skein of 'entanglement.'" The New York *Herald Tribune* (Rep.) can discern no departure from our traditional readiness to cooperate with other Powers in such matters; we are merely cooperating with them all together through the League rather than individually. The United States, remarks the Omaha *World-Herald* (Ind.), is "in no danger of loss of its independence because it joins with other nations in pleading the sanctity of a solemn treaty to preserve the peace." As the Chicago *Daily News* (Ind.) points out, "merely to work with the League is not to join it." Our whole position, declares the Nashville *Banner* (Dem.), "is logical and tenable." The New York *Times* (Dem.) speaks for a number of dailies which can see absolutely no sense in the clamor raised by certain anti-League extremists:

"The League of Nations is now a going concern.

"To it the great majority of existing governments have confided certain questions which they wish to discuss in common. These questions often affect vital interests of the United States.

"The flurry of talk about this being tantamount to our becoming a member of the League is without foundation except in artificial alarm. Secretary Stimson has categorically denied any such intent, whether exprest or implied, in the proceeding complained of.

"The way for America to join the League, should she desire to do so, is no secret. The necessary steps are laid down in the Covenant, and require preliminary action by the treaty-making power of the United States, including the Senate. Any attempt to do the thing indirectly, or by a short cut, would be obviously futile.

"The plain fact is that this country can cooperate with the League of Nations while still remaining outside it. We have already done it in dozens of cases."

THAT we have, however, moved a long way from our position of extreme aloofness, is insisted on by a number of newspapers that feel we are now committed to similar participation in future crises. And we read in the Republican St. Paul *Dispatch:*

"The sentiment of the country has unquestionably changed very greatly since the years when a previous Republican Administration thought it necessary even to ignore communications from the League.

"The United States has given the doctrine of strict political isolation from Europe a thorough trial in the past ten years.

"This country has held itself aloof from the League of Nations; it has stayed away from the World Court; it has maintained a sky-high tariff to separate the domestic market from all would-be invaders; it has treated its foreign government debtors with generosity but has forced them to make very heavy payments. For a decade America acted as tho the rest of the world were a place in which to unload its surplus goods, tourists, and capital.

"The final result is that in the year 1931 the United States has suspended the war-debt payments because it could not collect them whatever it did, is sending a representative to sit in the Council of the League, and is anxiously hoping to find some way of restoring the international credit system.

"The world depression has furnished proof that the United States has failed to keep itself economically isolated from the world; the Japanese affair proves that it has not been able to maintain political isolation."

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A Quarter-Loaf for the Railroads

"THEY ASKED FOR BREAD and they got a stone." So a biblically-minded Wall Street writer sizes up the way the Interstate Commerce Commission turned down the railroad's demand for a 15-per-cent. freight-rate increase.

But the decision "gives the carriers something," remarks another business writer, noting that if they can work out a pooling arrangement suggested by the commission—whereby the financially weak roads have the first chance at the additional revenue—the railroads will be allowed to raise rates on certain commodities, enough to bring them in perhaps $125,000,000 instead of the $500,000,000 added income they wanted.

In other words, it seems to be pretty well agreed that the roads are receiving a quarter-loaf, and that even a quarter-loaf is better than no bread.

Generally speaking, news-writers feel that the roads will eventually have to accept the commission's offer, which is open till December 1. But it is not exactly popular. Railroad officials have been loath to express themselves definitely before conferring with their colleagues. Consequently, there is a vast confusion in the comment gleaned by the correspondents from transportation, business, and financial spokesmen. Among the maze of interpretations, writes Randolph Phillips in the New York *Herald Tribune*, the following stand out:

"That the proposed general pool, consisting of revenues accruing from the proposed increases in rates, would violate the rights of stockholders in the contributing carriers' companies.

"That such a plan of 'robbing the rich to pay the poor' roads was 'distinctly socialistic, if not communistic,' and contrary to the Constitution of the United States.

"That the decision of the commission was the most beneficial event to the railroads that has ever occurred, marking the beginning of a new era of prosperity.

"That the proposals of the commission represent a 'quack remedy' for a very serious situation.

"That the I. C. C. has merely 'passed the buck' back to the railroads in order to save its face politically, and that the situation remains unchanged.

"That a general slash in wages throughout the ranks of railway labor is now inevitable, and that the commission's decision as much as says so.

"That the decision foreshadows constructive legislation in the near future whereby competitive forms of transportation would be regulated in the public interest, and whereby such hindering restrictions as the recapture clause of the transportation act would be revoked.

"That the plan is fundamentally sound in that, practically speaking, it means that the stronger railroads will profit by it—if not as much as the weaker ones—at least substantially enough to make its consummation worth while to all concerned."

AS an emergency measure, the commission's plan commends itself to papers like the Springfield *Republican*, New York *World-Telegram*, New York *Herald Tribune*, and Washington *Post*.

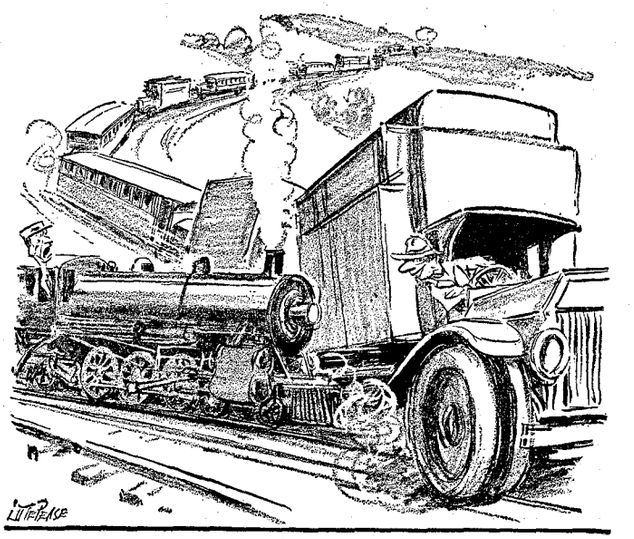
The plan wins the approval of such a railroad authority as Prof. William Z. Ripley of Harvard, who says in a copyrighted North American Newspaper Alliance article appearing in the New York *Times:*

"The bane of railroad operation for years has been the fact that it was each carrier for himself and the devil take the hindmost. Such pooling of revenues can not but bring home to the industry as a whole a much needed sense of solidarity. United they stand, divided they fall."

The solution of the problem now before the carriers "will require a degree of cooperation between them which conflicting competitive conditions have thus far rendered impossible," writes Thomas F. Woodlock, former Interstate Commerce Commissioner, in *The Wall Street Journal*. Mr. Woodlock feels that the public will expect the railroad executives "to set up effective machinery for making the increases suggested by the commission effective, or clearly demonstrate that it can not be done":

"Should the executives after full exploration of the matter conclude that the indicated method of pooling revenue from increased rates is incompatible either with the law or with the rights of security holders in those railroads upon whom the burden of sacrifice will fall, they will have to make that incompatibility very plain. Short of such incompatibility the public will expect them to meet the commission's proposals in a spirit of prompt, willing, and effective cooperation."

DOUBTS about whether the commission's pooling plan is legal, or whether it will be accepted by the stronger roads, who may "refuse to be their brothers' keepers," are exprest by the New York *Journal of Commerce*, which feels that whatever is done



Unregulated Competition

—Pease in the Newark "News."

the roads and the commission must eventually "get down to bedrock and work out a comprehensive program for bringing about fundamental improvement in the positions of the railroads":

"This will involve, first, a drastic effort to cut costs, and, secondly, the evolution of a program for regulating competing facilities to maintain the parity of position of the railroads in the transportation scheme of the country. Finally, the entire rate structure of the country would have to be readjusted."

THE commission, it may be remembered, worked on this case all summer, the petition of the roads having been filed on June 17. The decision was made public on October 20. The commission argues that a horizontal rate increase, such as the railroads wanted, would be dangerous because it would stimulate their competitors, alienate public good-will, and disturb business conditions. But the financial necessities of certain roads demand consideration, and something ought to be done to avert "developments which might further disturb an already tremendously shaken financial situation." So the commission suggests increases in carload rates on certain commodities like coal, lumber, ore, stone, and petroleum products, and a small increase on specified commodities. Agricultural products are specifically excluded. Additional revenue thus obtained would be pooled so as to go first to the weak lines facing default on their obligations.

On the whole the commission does not believe that the railroads are doomed. It believes that there should be proper regulation of competitive forms of transportation, and that there should be reforms in service and rates.

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Gangdom's King Guilty as a Tax Dodger

"THE WORST GANGSTER IN THE WORLD," as the papers call him, smiled at the verdict of guilty.

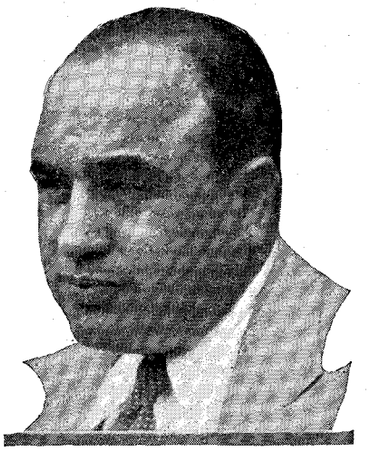
Altho the jury had convicted him on enough income-tax fraud charges to assure him a maximum imprisonment of seventeen years and a total fine of $50,000, "Scarface Al" Capone, king of the Chicago underworld, was unperturbed.

This would not even interfere with his Florida vacation.

He probably remembered, the papers point out, that his brother Ralph, or "Bottles," was sentenced to three years for income-tax evasion almost two years ago, but is still at liberty on bail.

To "Scarface Al," a lumbering, broad-visaged man in a light-green suit, tan shoes, and green tie, the verdict was nothing to worry about until his lawyers had exhausted the possibilities of appeal proceedings.

To editors throughout the country, however, Capone's conviction, even tho it may be a long time before he actually goes to prison, is a source of deep satisfaction. While many observers deplore the fact that he was not found guilty of a more serious charge, and that legal loopholes will delay execution of sentence, others are confident that the verdict will help the fight against gangdom everywhere.



Wide World

Guilty!

Capone Sees Prison Ahead.

OUT for more than eight hours, the Federal jury in Chicago found Capone guilty, we read, on five of the twenty-three counts charging evasion of income taxes. The three felony counts on which he was convicted charged that the gang chief's income was $257,285 in 1925, $196,676 in 1926, and $218,056 in 1927; that he evaded paying taxes on these incomes.

While the case was being argued, says the Chicago correspondent of the United Press—

"While witnesses were telling about his gambling operations and his almost absurd expenditures for jewels and luxurious motor-cars, Capone even then was exhibiting his contempt for prison threats.

"He called in a tailor to make two lightweight suits for use on Florida beaches. When the tailor appeared at gangster headquarters, in the Lexington Hotel, Frankie Rio, a henchman of Capone, said:

"'You don't need to be ordering fancy duds. You're going to prison; why don't you have a suit made with stripes on it?'

"'The hell I am,' replied Capone; 'I'm going to Florida for a nice, long rest, and I need some new clothes before I go.'

"'Scarface' will leave Chicago, the scene of his rise to illegal millions via the beer, gambling, and vice route, but eventually he will have to come back, and, finally, he must go to prison, his prosecutors believe."

WITH the trial over, reporters who attended it seemed to be still puzzled by the personality of the underworld king. As we are told by Meyer Berger, Chicago correspondent of the New York *Times:*

"Capone is a big man, weighing close to 240 pounds; a ponderous hulk that escapes flabbiness by only a narrow margin.

"He is he-man size.

"Yet the testimony brought out distinctly feminine traits in the man. They were evident in his passion for colored silk underwear, which he purchased at $12 a garment; in his picking the color and texture of the upholstery and hangings in the Capone bungalow on Palm Island, Florida.

"The court-room picture does not fit in with the legends that grew up around Capone when he was putting down the fierce O'Bannion gang, the crafty Gennas, the Morans, and other Chicago factions that tried to wrest from him and his men control of beer-running, gambling houses, and the thousand and one rackets that yield an income of millions.

"Capone laughs easily, another trait rarely, if ever, found in the cold-blooded gunman type. And when he laughs he looks like a jovial Italian opera singer; there is a certain faint resemblance to Caruso in his features when he is amused.

"He laughed frequently in court. When a salesman's description of Capone's silk underwear brought a general guffaw, the defendant blushed and laughed with the rest. And it seemed a natural, if somewhat embarrassed, laugh."

COMMENTING on the Capone verdict, the Chicago *Daily News* in the city where he rose to power says that "if the paralyzing clutch of corrupt politics were lifted from the arm of local police and courts, Chicago would not have to wait for the intervention of Federal authority to place its gangsters where they belong."

"It is ludicrous," thinks the Boston *Globe*, "that this underworld gang leader has been led to the doors of the penitentiary at last only through prosecutions on income tax and liquor-conspiracy charges." And the Washington *Evening Star* adds that "no matter how satisfactory will be the eventual incarceration of Capone in a Federal prison for the failure to make an income-tax return, as a technical means to the end of getting him in jail, there will remain the sense that the law has failed."

But "it is better that he should be punished finally for the least of his offenses than not at all," says the New York *Herald Tribune*, and many papers agree with the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin* that "the conviction ought to be the signal for a determined offensive of society against the public enemies."

Wide World

Here's the Federal Jury That "Tagged" Capone as an Income Tax Dodger

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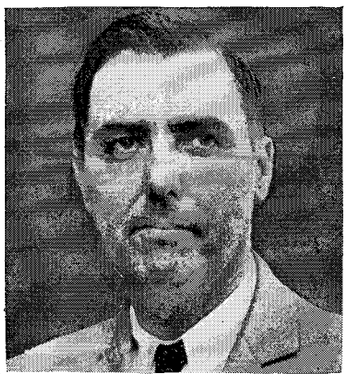
International

Huey P. Long

Acme

Dr. Paul N. Cyr



Keystone

W. L. Aldrich

The Three Who Started an Epidemic of Office-Claiming in Louisiana

Governor Long, incumbent, is holding the office against "Governor" Cyr and "Governor" Aldrich.

Louisiana's "Battle of the Governors"

WHY NOT SWEAR IN EVERY IDLE MAN as Governor of Louisiana, and thus end the unemployment problem?

The suggestion is made from several sources as a result of the ludicrous political situation in which Louisiana finds itself, with three "Governors" and three "Lieutenant-Governors" on its hands, a mix-up which is making editors happy the country over.

Besides the three Louisiana men who claim the Governor's chair, others in various parts of the country are having themselves sworn in for the job. They include three jobless sailors in New York City, who agree to rotate as Louisiana's Governor, Lieutenant-Governor and Governor-on-Vacation, but demand a minimum of $20 a week and a place to bunk.

This "battle of the Governors" is raging around the office held by Gov. Huey P. Long, curly-haired, dimple-chinned executive, who thus jumps back to page one in another fiery episode.

It all started, the papers tell us, as a result of Governor Long's election as United States Senator, a post he was entitled to take last March, but which he refused to enter upon until he has completed his term as Governor, ending next May.

But his bitter political enemy, the 200-pound Lieut.-Gov. Paul N. Cyr, a dentist with wavy silvering hair, proposes to drive Long out of the Governor's chair and into the Senatorship. Asserting that Long vacated the Governor's office when he certified his election to the Senate last November, Dr. Cyr appeared before a court clerk and had himself sworn in as Governor. Then he made a formal demand upon Governor Long to clear out.

This the Governor refused to do, saying he had promised the people he would stay on the job until his construction program was completed, and pointing out that he had accepted no pay as Senator, and would not actually hold the post until he was sworn in at Washington. Meantime, thirty-five members of the National Guard were assembled in Baton Rouge, the State capital. Later they were dismissed, but the report went around that Governor Long was preparing to repel invaders.

DR. CYR'S action in taking the oath as Governor automatically lost him the job of Lieutenant-Governor, declared Long. Whereupon Senator Alvin O. King, president pro tempore of the State Senate, promptly took the oath as Lieutenant-Governor, and was recognized as such by Mr. Long.

To add to the confusion, a plain workaday citizen, Walter L. Aldrich, an unemployed bill collector, appeared before a notary public and took the oath as Governor on the ground that the office was "abandoned," warning both Long and Cyr not to interfere. The notary who took Mr. Aldrich's oath is a cousin of Mr. Long's, we read, and so the Governor is accused of burlesquing the situation.

Then two other men, one a grocer, jumped into the limelight by taking the oath as Lieutenant-Governor. By this time the epidemic of oath-taking had spread outside the State.

Now Dr. Cyr has taken the matter to court by filing ouster proceedings against Governor Long.

MANY editors are amused, others annoyed, by the Louisiana situation. Some call it "a vaudeville act," "a comic opera," and are thankful for something to lighten the depression. Others view the matter more seriously, and rebuke both Long and Cyr.

Outside editors seem far more excited than those within the State. True, the New Orleans *Item* calls it "a dangerous comedy," for it might affect the sale of State bonds.

"A comic-opera situation now exists which would do credit to the excitable Latin-American peoples to the south of us," remarks the Atlanta *Constitution*. "To outsiders," adds the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*, "it is all very funny and serves admirably to dispel the gloom of the business depression. But what of the poor people of Louisiana?"

And this from the Lynchburg *News:*

"It isn't a pleasant spectacle, and it doesn't add to the reputation of a State which elected a Huey Long governor, and then so hankered for more that it elected him Senator.

"Yet it is possible to take sides and hope that Lieutenant-Governor Cyr's efforts to supplant Governor Long will fail. For, it will be understood, his success would mean that Huey would take the train to Washington, and the rest of the country would be well content to let Louisiana have him for her own exclusively."

BUT, points out the Macon *Telegraph*, Long "is depriving the Democrats in the United States Senate of one vote which they may need badly when they try to organize the Senate."

Then everybody involved is rebuked by the Baltimore *Sun:*

"Long's obstinate determination to hold on to the gubernatorial office while leaving the State of Louisiana without its just representation in the Senate is of a piece with the dictatorial processes of a Nicaraguan filibuster.

"Cyr's opposing tactics are equally outlandish.

"Observing the interchanges between the two at long range, one can only wonder at the patience of a State which allows such figures to control offices which ought to be invested with the highest dignities and honors. One wonders, that is, until one recalls that the State is the one whose electorate first chose Huey Long for the office, and later gave him a mandate of approval by commissioning him to the United States Senate."

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End of the Edison Era

HE WAS A BACKWARD SCHOOLBOY in a little Ohio town three-quarters of a century ago—so "dull" a pupil, indeed, that his teacher declared he was "addled."

But when he died, the other day, full of years and laden with honors, the world struggled in vain—even as he had struggled vainly with his schoolbooks—to make a proper estimate of the vast value of his myriad gifts to mankind.

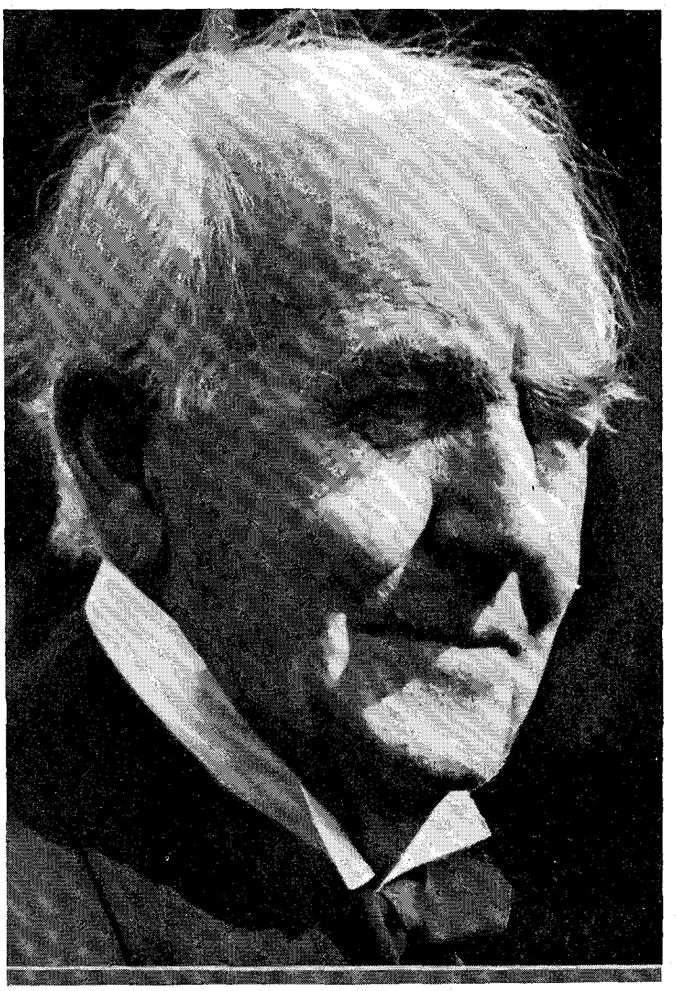
"A precious asset to the whole world," said President Hoover, crediting him with "revolutionizing civilization itself."

"One of the world's greatest benefactors," said Guglielmo Marconi, himself a great benefactor.

"He changed the face of the world in his lifetime, and everything he achieved was beneficial to mankind," said his friend, Henry Ford, and another friend, Harvey S. Firestone, called him "the greatest mind of our generation."

These and ten thousand other tributes from statesmen and world leaders, educators, and editors were poured out upon the death of Thomas Alva Edison, eighty-four years old, at his home in Llewellyn Park, New Jersey, on October 18.

In Rome, Pope Pius XI mourned the loss of a friend, albeit he was a freethinker.



Underwood & Underwood

"Wondersmith of the World"

Thomas A. Edison, on his eighty-third birthday.

ALL the capitals of Europe joined in homage to the great American inventor.

Every corner of the civilized world acknowledged its debt to the man who had banished darkness and given light by means of his incandescent lamp.

Mercifully lost in obscurity, that first teacher of Edison's seems an incredibly tragic prophet as one reads of the almost unbelievable accomplishments of the "addled" child, now enshrined in imperishable fame.

Measured in money—as the United States measured them in giving him the Congressional Gold Medal in 1928—his contributions to the welfare of mankind are estimated at more than fifteen and one-half billions of dollars. To him were issued more than 1,500 patents, and it is estimated that he averaged one every two weeks for fifty-two years.

Almost a legendary figure before his death, Edison is ranked as the outstanding leader of an era of inventive achievement. His passing, many observers point out, marks the close of an epoch for America and the world. He was the great explorer of realms unknown. Other men following him will cultivate the thousand valleys of knowledge which he revealed but left untouched. This, we are told, is the age of the specialist; the day of the great pioneers in the field of invention is over. Men skilled in the book-learning, mathematics, which Edison is said to have viewed with contempt, will carry on his work.

Towering landmarks of human progress which he left behind him are the incandescent lamp, the phonograph, and the motion-picture machine. For these things he will be chiefly remembered, we are told, altho to the radio, the telephone, the telegraph, and in dozens of other fields he made contributions any one of which would insure his fame.

DEAD at eighty-four, Edison would have died many years ago, we are told, except for his wife's devoted care. His fierce concentration on a problem and his ability to work for days without sleep, long have been a byword in America. Sheer neglect would have killed him years ago but for Mrs. Edison, we are told by a man who worked with him, and who gives us one of the most interesting of the current estimates of Edison. Nikola Tesla, known as one of the world's outstanding electrical technicians, came to America in 1884 to work with Edison, and he tells us, as quoted in the New York *Times:*

"Edison was by far the most successful and, probably, the last exponent of the purely empirical method of investigation.

"Everything he achieved was the result of persistent trials and experiments, often performed at random, but always attesting extraordinary vigor and resource.

"Starting from a few known elements, he would make their combinations and permutations, tabulate them, and run through the whole list, completing test after test with incredible rapidity, until he obtained a clue.

"His mind was dominated by but one idea—to leave no stone unturned, to exhaust every possibility.

"If he had a needle to find in a haystack, he would not stop to reason where it was most likely to be, but would proceed at once, with the feverish diligence of a bee, to examine straw after straw until he found the object of his search.

"I came from Paris in the spring of 1884, and was brought in intimate contact with him. We experimented day and night, holidays not excepted.

"His existence was made up of alternate periods of work and sleep in the laboratory. He had no hobby, cared for no sport or amusement of any kind, and lived in utter disregard of the most elementary rules of hygiene.

"There can be no doubt that, if he had not married, later, a woman of exceptional intelligence, who made it the one object of her life to preserve him, he would have died many years ago

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from consequences of sheer neglect. So great and uncontrollable was his passion for work."

From accounts of his young days, Edison emerges as a rather hopeless individual. Always at the foot of the class, as he remembered, he later became known as the telegraph operator who couldn't keep a job.

International

Edison at Twenty-eight

Born at Milan, Ohio, on February 11, 1847, Edison, at ten, became interested in chemicals, and he and his mother together performed the simple experiments which started him on his great career. When he was twelve or thirteen, we read, desiring to earn money to continue his chemistry experiments, he was permitted to take a job as a newsboy on a Grand Trunk train running between Port Huron and Detroit. He set up his laboratory in a corner of the baggage-car. He also bought a printing-press and some type, and wrote, edited, and published, on the train, a weekly newspaper, which finally grew to a circulation of 400.

For several years he continued along these lines, according to the biography of William H. Meadowcroft, for many years his private secretary. Then one day a bottle of phosphorus fell off the shelf and set fire to the car, "and the conductor put the boy and his belongings off the train, and boxed his ears so soundly as to cause the beginning of the deafness with which he had ever since been afflicted."

At this time a station agent, whose child Edison had saved from death, offered to teach him telegraphy, and the boy accepted. Soon he had acquired a reputation as one of the most expert telegraphers in the country, being able to write with either hand, and also as the operator who couldn't keep a job.

Thus he drifted from city to city, we are told. One of his first inventions, a device to save him from work, caused his dismissal. To make sure that he remained on duty, he was required to tap out a signal on the wire every half-hour. He devised a wheel with notches to do this for him, was found out and discharged. The invention was the forerunner of the modern messenger "call box."

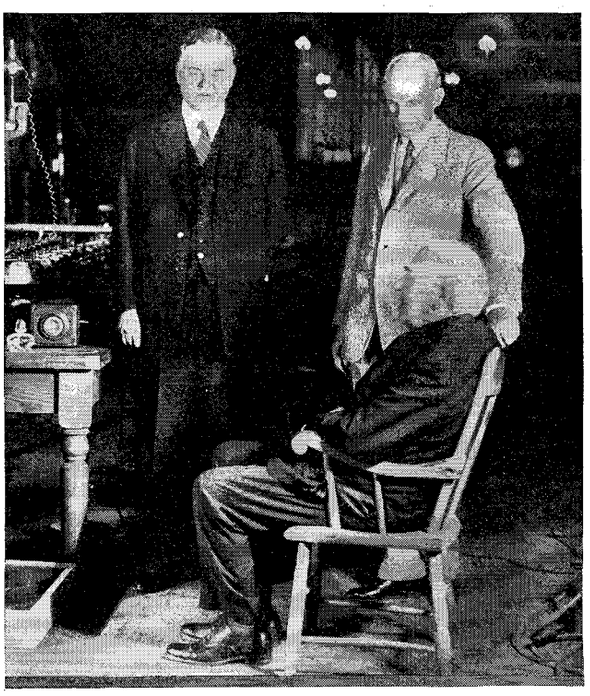
Drifting to New York, he was in the offices of the stock exchange telegraph company when the crude ticker service broke down. He repaired it and promptly was hired at $300 a month, says the New York *Times*, and:

"He was about twenty-two years old, then, and from that time fortune began to smile on him. He worked out improvements in stock-tickers and telegraph appliances, and got $50,000 for one invention of a ticker.

"It was this money that gave him the means to extend his experiments. During this period he had developed the multiple-telegraph appliance into a sixfold transmission system, the carbon telephone-transmitter, the microtasimeter for measuring the smallest changes in temperature, the megaphone, the incandescent lamp, the phonograph, the kinetoscope, the alkaline storage battery, the magnetic ore separator, and the trolley-car."

The phonograph, to which he accidentally got a clue while pursuing another end, was invented in 1877. Regarded at first as a toy, we read, it later was sold for $1,000,000. But he knew precisely what he was seeking while working on the incandescent lamp; in fact, he was backed in that hunt by a $300,000 syndicate. Success crowned his efforts on October 21, 1879. (He was buried on the fifty-second anniversary of this triumph.)

Altho he invented the motion-picture machine in 1891, he failed to realize its possibilities. The pictures were installed in



Recreating the Electric Light

Mr. Edison showing President Hoover and Henry Ford, on the fiftieth anniversary of the incandescent lamp in 1929, how his experiment was carried to success.

Wide World photograph

On His Eighty-fourth Birthday

Which the inventor celebrated on February 11, last. We are told that he would have died years ago but for the devoted care of his wife, seen with him here.

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nickel-in-the-slot machines in peep-shows. He feared, accounts agree, that throwing the pictures on a screen would ruin the peep-show business.

In only one field of modern invention did Edison fail to contribute directly, observers point out. This was aviation. He worked on a helicopter, whose engine was fed by ticker-tape soaked in dynamite, until the contraption blew up.

On the day of his funeral announcement was made of the successful completion of the experiments he had inaugurated to obtain rubber from golden-rod.

"One thing which worried him when he became ill was the difficulty in attempting to vulcanize rubber obtained from golden-rod because of the impurities of the golden-rod," said a statement given by the Edison Industries to the Associated Press.

"Mr. Edison laid out a series of experiments which were tried in his laboratories, and within the last thirty days a piece of vulcanized rubber obtained from golden-rod was brought to him. This was merely the successful culmination of one of his own experiments."

"The genius of Edison transformed the knowledge of science into comforts and conveniences of our modern civilization," says the Washington *Post*, and the New York *Times* calls him "the wondersmith of the world" in an editorial which stands out among hundreds:

"He is the universal lamplighter. Multitudinous homes and buildings and streets shine every night in his praise. He has illuminated and broadened the use and wont of life. How many men and women he has set to work in the industries sprung from his brain is beyond estimation.

"Between the time of our grandfathers and our own he has transformed the world. He has added immeasurably to the comfort, enjoyment, and productivity of mankind.

"The farewell of regret to the eager, friendly, so profoundly living and seeking man will change insensibly into a hymn of triumph, undying hope, and everlastingness.

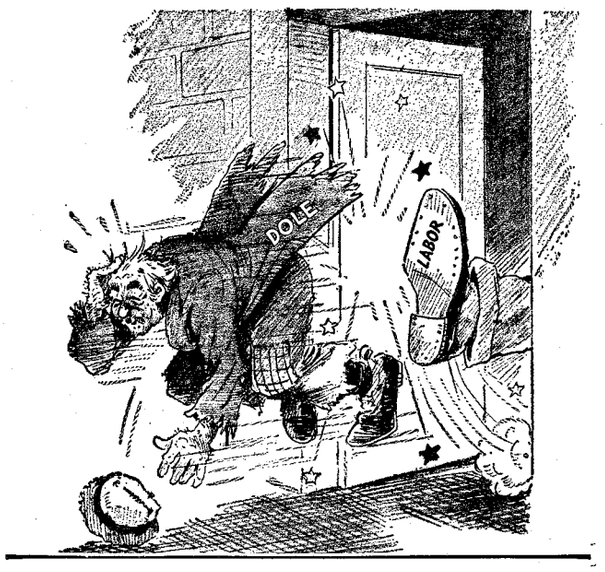
"If in the body Edison is to vanish from us, he survives in the subtle and mysterious powers he made his servants. He is ever living in electricity, sound, light. Prospero is not dead because the wand has dropt from his hand. He reigns still in his viewless empery."

"The coldly critical may say that he was not so much the abstract scientist as some others, that he was adapter of ideas rather than the originator, the discoverer of the basic," says the Syracuse *Post-Standard*, and adds: "But even if that contention can be maintained, he must be credited with a work almost of scientific magic in behalf of his fellow men."

"His genius has made life bigger," adds the Boston *Herald*. "Whether it shall be relatively better, he could not control. He is to be regarded as one of the founders of the era in which the men of to-morrow will live." And this from the Cleveland *Plain Dealer:*

"Years must elapse before the true measure of Edison can be taken. His own generation is too close for a perspective. He is likely to figure in history as the outstanding figure in an era of inventive achievement that covered the closing years of the nineteenth and the first quarter of the twentieth century.

"A truly historic figure drops at his work. In the nature of the case, there can be no successor."



Booted

—Summers in the Cleveland "News."

Organized Labor Spurns the Dole

CONGRESS SHOULD VOTE MILLIONS, even billions, to feed the hungry—but not a penny should be spent on a dole.

So insisted President William Green at the convention of the American Federation of Labor assembled in Vancouver, B. C. Mr. Green told the delegates why:

"We can not have unemployment insurance without surrendering part of our liberty.

"We can not have unemployment insurance without employment exchanges, which would compel union workers to accept employment in non-union shops or lose their unemployment insurance.

"Unemployment insurance means registration of workers; you would have to subject yourselves to the control of the employment exchanges."

"If we can't have work we must have bread," asserted "Andy" Furuseth, veteran fighter of the Seamen's Union. But this patriarch of many a bitter labor war likewise denounced the danger of the dole.

So did the rest of the "old guard" of the A. F. of L., those elder statesmen who perpetuate the union-labor policies of the late Samuel Gompers.

After some five hours of bitter argument, the correspondents write, the policy of the dole was officially rejected.

A chorus of approval, ranging from the warmly enthusiastic to the coolly cynical, is chanted by most newspapers. Some, however, see no victory for William Green and his elder statesmen of organized labor since the vote against the dole was passed by only a narrow margin.

In declaring compulsory unemployment insurance "unsuited to our political and economic requirements and unsatisfactory to American working men and women," the A. F. of L. establishes its unwavering opposition to revolutionary radicalism, as the Springfield *Republican* interprets the situation. "An act of enlightened self-interest," says the Detroit *Free Press*.

Approbation, enthusiastic and congratulatory, echoes through the editorial columns of the Hartford *Courant*, the New Orleans *Item*, the Indianapolis *News*, the Portland (Me.) *Evening Express*, the New Haven *Register*, the Atlanta *Constitution*, the Chicago *Daily News*. Remembering all that their European correspondents have sent them concerning its undermining influence in Great Britain and Germany, these papers stanchly oppose the dole.

The Philadelphia *Record*, on the other hand, stands almost alone in its reiteration of the inevitability of unemployment insurance in this country. Concerning the sacrifice of the workingman's liberty, this newspaper insists:

"Unemployment insurance legislation can easily be framed so as to make it unnecessary for union men to work in non-union shops.

"The mention of 'liberty' in this connection is a ghastly jest. Liberty to starve? Is that what Mr. Green fights for?

"Green wants every one of the advantages unemployment insurance would bring about. Yet he shies at the name.

"He wants a Federal dole 'to feed the hungry'—and is afraid of a businesslike arrangement which would obviate the dole."

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TOPICS IN BRIEF

STRANGELY enough, the star of the Red Bird team was a Martin.—*Florence (Ala.) Herald.*

ON the women who call it "you jenny" it looks like that kind of hat.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

AMERICA is willing to do almost anything for the workingman except give him a job.—*Dunbar's Weekly (Phœnix).*

A SCIENTIST says that mankind is of vegetable origin. Obviously. Men descend from monkeys, monkeys from trees.—*Punch.*

WELL, let's be cheerful. A casual study of explosives shows that the boom always follows the bust.—*Boston Herald.*

THIS year the success of Fire Prevention Week will be measured by the number of employees left on their jobs.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

IT was Harry Wade of the Detroit *News* who made the discovery that the Unknown Soldier is not Gen. Smedley D. Butler. —*Toledo Blade.*

MAYBE—we dunno, of course—the assets wouldn't have frozen quite so hard if there had been less water in them to start with. —*Boston Herald.*

FOR the last five months Chicago has been paying its school teachers in script. But Chicago's bootleggers continue to get cash. —*San Diego Union.*

IF things insist on going by contraries, let's hope the frozen assets of this summer will thaw out the coming winter.—*Northwest Insurance (Minneapolis).*

When It Comes to Trouble, We are Novices

—Thomas in the Detroit "News."

OUR high-pressure civilization, we read, has brought about certain ailments that afflict only the wealthy. Does, thar's gold in them ills.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

ANOTHER optimistic note sounding above the chorus of business gloom is the fact that Japan has not lost her faith in Chinese real estate.—*Chicago Daily News.*

GENEVA will be the meeting-place next February of fifty nations, each of whom is perfectly willing to disarm if all the other forty-nine will do it first.—*Judge.*

IN this country a popular song does not live very long, says a music critic. This is not surprizing considering the number of people who murder them.—*Punch (London).*

To make Mr. Hoover's renomination absolutely sure, it might be well to persuade Pepper Martin to renounce any ambition for the White House next year.—*San Diego Union.*

Now that a prize dahlia has been named for Mussolini, we look to see Tammany suggest that the most poisonous of the poison-ivy vines be called the Seabury.—*Macon Telegraph.*

PRESIDENT HOOVER praises the corner drug store for its service to humanity, and we guess it is one of the few remaining places where one can get home cooking.—*Ohio State Journal.*

THE discovery of nearly a million dollars in cash in Mrs. Ida Mayfield Wood's hotel room is explained by the fact that it was put there before the late boom.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

"WHAT has been the effect of gang pictures on the country?" asks a compiler of a symposium on the subject. Well, half the world now knows how the half-world lives.—*Detroit News.*

WITH England's Navy in mutiny and her financial system all shot, maybe this is the year for us Yanks to start a war and make her take back this darn country.—*Dunbar's Weekly.*

WONDER what people got divorces over before bridge was invented?—*Dunbar's Weekly.*

ACUTE observers are reporting silver threads among the gold standards.—*New York Times.*

THERE seems to be no ocean left for some flyer to cross the first time.—*Indianapolis News.*

TIMES certainly have changed. Now it's the wheat that has the speculators in a corner.—*Judge.*

AL CAPONE'S haberdashery bills prove that you can make silk shirts out of blind pigs.—*New York Times.*

THE only wages that will stand up under the blows of the depression are the wages of sin.—*B'nai B'rith Messenger (Los Angeles).*

AN adventurer has forsaken elephant hunting to enter the stock exchange. Evidently doesn't know when he's safe.—*Greenville Piedmont.*

"CIVILIZATION is under construction," reports an observer. The trouble is that the knocking doesn't mean riveting.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

ANOTHER problem students of international politics are trying to figure out is which of the Chinese governments the Japanese have insulted.—*Judge.*

NEW YORK minister tells Gandhi he'll be laughing-stock if he comes here. The safety-pin trade will take him seriously, anyhow.—*Dallas News.*

A NEW YORK sheriff is proved to have banked $360,000 in six years. Tammany Hall leaders are said to be investigating why it took him so long.—*San Diego Union.*

OUR guess as to why Alfalfa Bill Murray has been practising standing on his head is that he can kick better that way.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

ONE editorial on the new plan speaks of "the succor the market needs." Ain't it lucky those editors are so careful about their spelling?—*Boston Herald.*

IT seems one of the periodical big problems in Hollywood is having to decide which of the immortal figures of history is going to be George Arliss next.—*Detroit News.*

AN Eastern university has established an advisory bureau for persons in love. But by the time a lover realizes that he needs advice, he is no longer in love.—*San Diego Union.*

FIFTY-THREE young Russians have arrived here to study United States industry, and on coming up for air after finding it they will confer a favor on their hosts by telling where it is.—*New York Sun.*

WHISTLING, says Professor Shaw of New York, is an unmistakable sign of a moron. That's what we've always claimed, even tho we've never had the nerve to tell it to a traffic cop.—*Chicago Daily News.*

VAUDEVILLE is placing a ban on depression jokes. Naturally, they can't compete with the jokes on depression given us within the past two years by economists, bankers, and politicians.—*B'nai B'rith Messenger.*

PROFESSOR EINSTEIN announces that up to now he has been unsuccessful in reconciling the Quantum theory with the Relativity theory. All of us will therefore have to be content with perfectly understanding each theory separately, as we now do.—*New York Times.*

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Spain's Church and State Upheaval

"SPAIN IS NO LONGER CATHOLIC."

This declaration of the separation of Church and State in the six months' old Spanish Republic was made by Manuel Azana Diaz, Provisional President and successor of Niceto Alcala Zamora.

The latter resigned because the Constitutional Assembly, by a vote of 267 to 41, on October 13, approved Article 3 of the new Republican constitution rejecting the Catholic religion as the religion of the State.

This action breaks a tradition of centuries, during which Church authority has been officially recognized in State affairs.

Wide World photograph

"Spain No Longer Catholic"

Is the declaration of Manuel Azana Diaz, new Provisional President.

And, as Madrid Associated Press correspondents point out, it paves the way to carry out the promises of Republican leaders, made before the dethronement of King Alfonso XIII last April, that under a republic Church and State would be separated completely.

Press dispatches from Vatican City indicate that the Spanish Assembly's decision to separate Church and State did not take the Pope by surprize, for he had been expecting it for some time.

He is reported to believe that the present state of affairs in Spain is "transitory." Also, in a wireless from Vatican City to the New York *Times*, we are told that it is argued that the "violence" of the measures "taken against all that was held most dear under the monarchy, and is still held dear by many Spaniards, proves that the revolutionaries are afraid their reign will not last long."

THE resignation of former President Alcala Zamora, amid wild scenes in the Cortes, was later followed by the passage by a vote of 178 to 59 of drastic regulations for the clergy and religious orders in connection with the separation of Church and State, including the expulsion of the Jesuits.

There was fist-fighting in the course of the debate, and moves were made to draw revolvers. Outside the shift in the Government brought bands of Communists and anticlericals singing the "Red Flag" through the streets of Madrid, and shouting, "Down with the Catholic Church," and "Death to all Jesuits."

The situation was laden with dangerous possibilities, we are told, and there were strong threats of revolts in the North. Madrid police engaged in running fights with Communists and anticlericals. Twelve or more, Madrid dispatches relate, were clubbed into insensibility in the Puerta del Sol, the center of the city, largest of its many plazas and the place of most traffic. Twenty Communists were arrested in the Plaza Cibeles. Thousands of persons attempted to force their way into the Chamber of Deputies during the debate, but police held them in check.

While the most violent factional antagonisms were everywhere evident, it is noted that there was intense enthusiasm for the Republic. Once during the assembly deliberations the proceedings were halted to allow the deputies and the galleries to shout: "Viva la Republica!"

IN the plaza, special assault police, grimly ready for action, held back crowds of men and women shouting: "Down with the clergy," and mounted police patrols moved up and down near-by avenues.

Strong threats of revolt in the North are reported in these dispatches, and at the same time the Government was flooded with telegrams of protest, some of them opposing the religious measures, others accusing the ministry of having been too lenient in not expelling religious organizations from the country.

The Basque delegates fought vigorously for a settlement more favorable to the Church, but we read in Madrid press cables that they were overrun by the Socialist steam-roller, which has functioned with increasing power since the Cortes opened, and was aided by Señor Azana's Center party. President Azana, realizing the need of firmness in the situation, declared:

"This Government was duly elected to represent all classes in Spain, and will know how to protect itself if the Republic is attacked. We are not a transitional Government, but here to stay as long as necessary. We will govern firmly and demand respect."

Then, as if to emphasize his final words, President Azana announced that besides occupying the Presidency, he would continue as Minister of War.

The man who dominates the scene in Spain is called by his friends the homeliest man in his country—short, of heavy girth, his face pasty-white, and his eyes peering from behind thick-lensed spectacles. There is nothing of the picturesqueness of an orator about him, and, as one correspondent notes, "he speaks quietly and to the point, and then does what he says."

He is fifty years old, a lawyer, formerly on the staff of the Ministry of Justice, and "a great admirer of American customs, about which he has written several treatises."

Despite many alarmist notes, observers think it reasonably likely that the prestige of President Azana and his reputation for forcefulness will halt any attempt at disorder. But Frank L. Kluckhohn cables from Madrid to the New York *Times:*

"It will take time to see what will be the final consequences of separation of Church and State, which makes it impossible for the Church to carry on education, and makes it do without State aid for 35,000 clergy."

Meanwhile, this correspondent points out, "no longer will the cross of the Catholic Church be raised officially beside the banner of Spain, as it has been since the victorious Ferdinand and Isabella sent the Moors flying out of the country and founded the nation, or as it did when Columbus knelt on the sands of America and claimed a new world for God and the Crown of Spain, or as when the bold Conquistadores extended the empire of their Catholic majesties to include Mexico."

CABLED editorials to THE LITERARY DIGEST from the press in Spain, France, and England reveal the deep penetration of the shock of this historic upheaval.

The Catholic *Debate* of Madrid assures us that "those who knew how Alcala Zamora felt about the religious question were not surprized by his decision to resign." In the first government of the Republic, Alcala Zamora, it adds, "has been the member who acted with the most patriotism," and it continues:

"Civil war would be stupid, but let us fight a spiritual war with pen, speech, money, and work. Let us fight against sectarianism, no matter how long. Above all, we look at the new Premier with

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much suspicion. The constitutional text in Azana's hands may be very dangerous."

The Conservative Barcelona *Vanguardia* declares:

"Now comes the critical hour. If we establish a régime without big tumults, the Republic will be firmly consolidated. But, if we fail in the revolution, then a fantastic change, exceptionally sweeping, will occur in Spain just as it did in Russia."

ANOTHER Conservative daily, the Madrid *A. B. C.*, considers that the Constitution, which is still a project being discust, has been solemnly denounced, and it proceeds:

"It is Alcala Zamora, founder of the Republic, who has decided openly to fight the project now, and when it becomes a law to fight for its revision. For this he had to resign the premiership. Alcala made prodigious efforts to serve the Republic, but from the first day of the Republic it went to other hands and followed other men. The crisis leaves the road open to exaltations of radicalism. We do not know how we can contribute to the consolidation of the Republican régime."

But among the Republican press, *La Voz* believes former President Alcala Zamora "should have remained until the whole Constitution was voted, because his and Azana's governments are mere spectators in the debate," and it argues:

"Alcala's resignation was justified only by excessive refinement not related to considerations of a purely political order. When Azana said in his ministerial declaration, 'The Republic has the right to be respected, and in case it is not respected the Government will make itself feared,' all deputies were convinced that it was not a vain boast."

The "abyss between the ideas of the Cortes and his ideas explains Zamora's resignation" in the view of the Republican *Liberal*, which says:

"It was easy to find a successor in a man who was most distinguished among Cabinet members, who was popular in the street, and who was supported in Parliament.

"This same government is now in power, but without a mere provisional character, because it was appointed by a Parliament with a definite character."

In France, the semiofficial *Temps* remarks cautiously:

"The vote constitutes success for the most advanced elements of the Radical Socialist majority, but it is not certain that the tendency which carries it in this direction will facilitate the task of the Spanish Government. The agitation which the religious question provokes in the north country is of a nature to create serious preoccupations."

SPEAKING of the reasons for the expulsion of the Jesuits, the Republican Paris *Quotidien* observes:

"First, the religious orders multiplied in Spain, and this multiplication aroused jealousies between them and the secular clergy, of which the Jesuits as the most powerful order were the victims.

"Furthermore, the people complained for a long time because so much property belonged to the secular clergy."

Striking is the effect that the separation of Church and State in Spain makes on British editors. As the Manchester *Guardian* sees it, "the hopes for orderly progress and stability for the new Spanish Republic have been dashed with the re-emergence of the struggle between the Church and State."

And the London *Times* finds that "Republicanism and State religion have once more been judged incompatible." But it feels that "Conservatives, Monarchists, and the inhabitants of the Basque provinces of Navarre, large sections of Catalonia, Valencia, and women everywhere, remain devoted to the Roman Catholic Church."

The London *Morning Post* avers that "only one element stands between Spain and anarchy, the organization of the civil guards." In the view of this journal, "the revolutionary faction is carrying on a brutal, senseless, cruel war against religion." Already it is plain, we are advised, that "if the Socialists prosecute this campaign much farther, they will precipitate a civil war."

Bruening Stops the Hitler Drive

IN THE LITTLE HEALTH RESORT of Bad Harzburg, in North Central Germany, the delegates of all the Nationalist parties and organizations in the country met on October 11 to form a united drive on the Bruening Government and demolish it.

But three days later in Berlin Chancellor Heinrich Bruening's reconstructed Government triumphed in the Reichstag by a majority of twenty-five votes. This defeated a motion of no-confidence introduced by the National Opposition bloc. The vote was 295 to 270, with three Deputies abstaining.

Announcement of the outcome, say Berlin dispatches, was received with cheers by the Government's friends, while the Nationalists and National-Socialists (Fascists) sat in stunned silence.

But only for a moment. Then Wilhelm Frick, Parliamentary leader of Adolf Hitler's National-Socialists rose and declared angrily that as the "Nazis" had failed in their drive to oust Dr. Bruening, they would resume their boycott of the Reichstag until another opportunity to change the régime should come.

Suiting action to words, all the 107 brown-shirt Nazi Socialists marched in a body from the Chamber.

"The New Spanish Serenade"

A Soviet Russian idea of the separation of Church and State in Spain.

—"Isviestia" (Moscow).

To-day Bruening is master of Germany after the uproarious adjournment of the Reichstag until February 23, 1933. In some dispatches the German Government is pictured now as "a virtual dictatorship" with the Chancellor and President von Hindenburg managing the country unhampered by Parliamentary restrictions.

Yet the Hitlerites and their adherents are not downhearted, it seems, tho their ignominious retreat from the Reichstag was a thunderous anticlimax to the opening of their drive a few days earlier at Bad Harzburg.

There practically every Nationalist leader of note in Germany, including Adolf Hitler, chief of the Nazis, Alfred Hugenberg, head of the Nationalist party, and Maj. Franz Seldte, and Lieut.-Col. Theodor Duesterberg, of the Steel Helmet League, joined in the ultra-patriotic gathering to overthrow the Bruening Government.

Furthermore, press cables relate, the embattled Nationalists demanded immediate parliamentary elections both in the Reich and in Prussia, in order that they might obtain a clear majority to rule the country.

YET despite the setback that followed the splendor and enthusiasm of the display at Bad Harzburg, Adolf Hitler told his cohorts a few days afterward that the swastika—National-Socialist emblem of "racial purity"—will be emblazoned on the flag of the German Republic soon. This he declared to 75,000

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of his picked troops at an imposing Fascist rally at Brunswick. In consecrating twenty-four new standards of his "storm-detachments," the Fascist leader said: "The field emblems we are dedicating to-day will be the last before our victory, which is impending." Mr. Hitler then reviewed his "storm-troops," which took six and a half hours to pass by.

NUMEROUS street affrays between Nazis and Communist workers kept the picturesque, medieval city of Henry the Lion in turmoil over the week-end of October 18, relates John Elliott, in a Berlin dispatch to the New York *Herald Tribune*. A conservative estimate places the casualties at fifteen seriously wounded, with one expected to die.

In the workers' quarters, we are told, barricades were thrown up in the streets by enraged Reds, while the brown-shirt Nazis retaliated by smashing windows in the homes of the toilers.

Tho secure in power until next February at least, Chancellor Bruening, it is admitted on all sides, has no easy winter before him.

The outcome of the voting that saved his Government must be called "a victory of common sense," remarks the Catholic *Germania*, so-called Bruening organ. The Deputies, it gathers, refused "to undertake doubtful experiments at a critical moment, and preferred to remain upon firm and solid, altho stony ground."

Other cabled editorials to THE LITERARY DIGEST from the German press show a difference of opinion. The *Kreuz Zeitung* jeers at the notion of rejoicing over a "victory of common sense." Winter is coming, it adds, "and the portents are red as blood and increasing menacingly." The Nationalist *Deutsche Zeitung* is also skeptical:

"And This Dog Walked Away With the Bone"

—A. G. Racey in "The Daily Star" (Montreal).

"Our road during the coming weeks and months will be extremely dangerous, but we shall travel it with the conviction that the hour of the National Opposition was never closer than after this 'victory' of Bruening."

The situation is so precarious that the Democratic *Frankfurter Zeitung* feels no right to call it "either defeat or victory." Nevertheless, it welcomes the Chancellor's success "because a defeat would have hit us all more heavily than him."

But the *Koelnische Zeitung* sincerely hopes that Chancellor Bruening will not interpret his successful vote as an endorsement of his policy, and it remarks:

"The debate in the Reichstag rather proved the opposite. Only the vote of the Chancellor's own Centrists might have been construed as an expression of unreserved confidence.

"In all other parties, Bruening's majority more or less openly indicated that their votes were not so much an endorsement of his policy, but were given because of the 'there's nothing better' view of the German internal situation."

The *Berliner Tageblatt* says contentedly that the Chancellor's majority is "sufficient as a basis for his Cabinet's political existence during the coming winter," and it hails his triumph as simultaneously marking "the defeat of the Harzburg plotters and their Volkspartei extras and supers."

In the view of the Liberal *Vossische Zeitung*, "no majority could be found which, by overthrowing Bruening, would be ready to take command in this crisis, the duration, development, and outcome of which nobody is able to foresee."

Russian Refugees the World Over

MORE THAN ONE MILLION RUSSIANS, who fled for their lives about eleven or twelve years ago, are scattered in various sections of the globe, and earning their bread and butter in occupations they never dreamed would be theirs.

The great exodus took place when the White armies of Admiral Kolchak, General Denikin, and other anti-Soviet leaders were defeated by the Bolsheviks and driven out of Russia.

The men exiles, especially, spread to the ends of the earth, writes a noted Russian journalist, A. Ksyunin, in *Rul*, a Liberal anti-Bolshevik Russian daily of Berlin. Most of them were penniless when they left Russia, and for baggage carried little more than a tooth-brush. Lately, in Seville, Spain, he reports:

"A Russian emigré, a former Army officer, who lives in Seville, attended a bull-fight. After the fight he went to a near-by café.

"The toreador, who had greatly distinguished himself during the contest, also appeared at this café, followed by a crowd of Spanish admirers, who cheered and fêted him. While women danced before him, and congratulations and flowers were showered upon him, the toreador—a tall, slim, good-looking fellow—kept looking with great intentness at the Russian officer seated alone at one of the tables.

"At length, the bull-fighter moved away from his admirers, approached the lone Russian officer, and, to the latter's astonishment, addrest him in perfect Russian.

"'How do you do, Your Excellency?' he asked. 'Don't you recognize me? I fought all during the war in your regiment. Thank the Lord, we both are still alive!'

"The former officer gradually recognized in the toreador a Cossack who had served in his regiment.

"'How on earth did you manage to become a toreador?' he asked, bewildered.

"The former Cossack made a gesture of contempt. 'There is nothing easier than to kill a bull, Excellency,' he explained. 'It was far more difficult to master the cursed Spanish language. But with that my wife helped me, for she is a Spanish woman.'"

THIS contributor to the Berlin *Rul* advises us that Russian emigrés of practically all the professions are to be found in every large European, American, or Asiatic center. As to colonies of Russian refugees, we come across them everywhere from Abyssinia to Peru. Then Mr. Ksyunin relates:

"A rich American, about to make a tour around the world, advertised that he needed a guide speaking some twenty or thirty languages. Such a guide came to him. He happened to be a Russian. In every corner of the world they visited, the guide succeeded in finding for his employer the best hotels to live in and the most interesting places to see.

"Yet, on their return to the United States, the American discovered that his guide did not speak any languages except Russian and English. 'How did you manage to arrange everything so wonderfully?' he asked. The guide answered: 'That was simple enough. In each Asiatic and European port when we landed, I would shout on the pier: 'Hullo, are there any Russians here?' Sure enough, there would be plenty of them, for there is now no city in the world without Russians. And they would arrange everything for us.'"

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Soviet Eyes on Manchuria

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS IS UNMASKED.

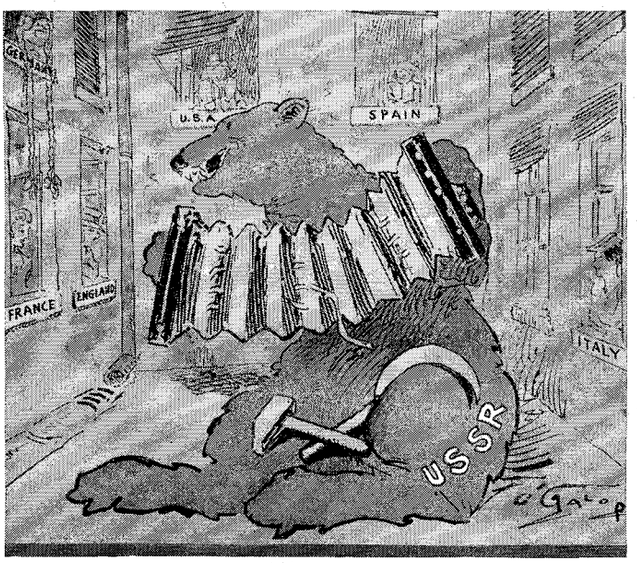
It stands revealed as "an organizer of war and an instrument of plunder and oppression of weak and opprest nations."

Thus Soviet editors see the hidden meaning of the collision of China and Japan in Manchuria. The conflict looms large to them as one more chapter in the history of the League which is "so rich in shameful deeds."

But while their scorn and indignation flame high, their sympathy seems plainly with Japan. The reason is obvious, say some anti-Bolshevik Russian journals. Soviet Russia is willing to acquiesce in the Japanese occupation of South Manchuria, "provided that Japan gives Soviet Russia a free hand in Northern Manchuria," which is traversed by the Russian-Chinese Railway.

Some of these anti-Soviet Russian organs go so far as to express their belief that a secret treaty between Japan and Soviet Russia, covering a friendly division of Manchuria, has long been in existence.

Whatever foundation or lack of foundation there may be for such an assertion by anti-Soviet Russian newspapers, we have a declaration of *Isviestia*, official organ of the Soviet Government in Moscow, as follows:



A French Warning

"Beware of the accordion player in the back yard!"
—"Panurge" (Paris).

"The occupation of Manchuria by the Japanese may have very important consequences not only in the immediate region of the Japanese action, but also in the international arena at large.

"The public opinion of the Soviet Union, which always guards the interests of peace, and which is an enemy of all imperialistic aggression of the weak by the powerful, can not disregard the real nature of events now taking place.

"This public opinion is fully aware of the fact that it is a real war, and not something else that is going on in Manchuria; and this fact in itself suffices to determine the attitude of our public opinion. Moreover—and this, too, is an essential point—these events are unfolding themselves in the immediate proximity of our territory. Hence, the proletariat of the Soviet Union is watching developments in the Far East with unremitting attention."

BUT even while *Pravda*, spokesman of the Central Committee of the Communist party in Moscow, is berating the League as the "war weapon" of the "lying and hypocritical capitalistic world," it deals a few stiff blows at Japanese "imperialists." For all that, *Pravda* and other Soviet newspapers are prompt to offer explanation, if not justification, of Japan's procedure, as, for instance:

"Japanese imperialism is trying to find a way out of the economic crisis which has deeply shaken the whole country. Then, Japan's enormous textile business has grown up in a country which has no cotton of its own. Japan's great steel and iron industry also has reached a high stage of development without sufficient reserves of domestic mineral ores.

"Meanwhile, such imperialistic countries as England and the United States are waging ruthless war against the Japanese imperialists who are trying to get control of Far Eastern markets. So the military occupation of Manchuria presented itself to Japan as the only way out of the impasse of its domestic and international difficulties."

But if the Soviet press are in the main extremely cautious and guarded in answering any questions about the official attitude of Soviet Russia toward the Manchurian problem, they are not in the least restrained when they take up the decision of the League requesting Japan to withdraw its troops from Manchuria, because "this will not endanger the lives and property of the nationals of both parties concerned." This request they stigmatize as "a piece of hypocrisy more cynical and disgusting than any yet recorded about the League." Says *Pravda:*

"The gentlemen from Geneva usually try to mask the imperialistic character of the League of Nations by various pacifist phrases. But now they have thrown off the mask, and they are showing to the world their real selves.

"The imperialists of the League have intervened in the Manchurian problem with the sole purpose of wresting away from the Japanese a part of their spoils. That is all these gentlemen have in mind when they discuss the 'Manchurian Problem.'"

Mexican Feeling Against Us

DENYING recognition of the Monroe Doctrine, Mexico accepted the invitation of the Assembly of the League of Nations to become a member. It was the second time the invitation had been extended.

In Mexico's cabled acceptance, Foreign Minister Genaro Estrada "offers, in a spirit of friendship, her constant cooperation in the League's high aims of maintaining peace and promoting international collaboration."

But he adds that "Mexico considers it necessary to make it known in accepting that she has never admitted the regional understanding mentioned in Article XXI of the League Covenant." Article XXI of the Covenant reads:

"Nothing in this Covenant shall be deemed to affect the validity of international agreements such as treaties of arbitration or regional understandings like the Monroe Doctrine, for securing the maintenance of the peace."

MEXICO'S coolness toward the United States is said by a Latin-American publication, *Chile Pan-Am* (New York), to be the cause of the Mexican reservation about the Monroe Doctrine. Relations between the two countries bordering the Rio Grande have of late revealed an unhappy undercurrent of irritation, declares W. P. Rawson in this Latin-American organ. Such friction bodes no good to the nations themselves or to Pan-America in general, and he goes on to tell why Mexico is sore:

"The slaying of two Mexican youths in Oklahoma, one of them a relative of the Mexican President, the acquittal of the officials responsible, the violation of international law in the treatment of a Mexican Consul by a Chicago judge, the restrictions imposed on Mexican immigration, and the alleged mistreatment of Mexican laborers in the Southwest (charges that appear in part confirmed by a recent report made to the Colorado State Industrial Commission) are matters that have provoked considerable resentment in Mexico.

"Whether the recent silver legislation of Mexico was prompted in part by antagonism toward foreign interests, and whether the declaration against the Monroe Doctrine was in any way motivated by recent Mexican-United States relations, are questions that can not be answered by outsiders."

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A Boer Statesman Tells the British

AN ASSEMBLAGE OF BRITISH SCIENTISTS instructed by an ex-Boer general regarding the fundamental structure of the universe and the relations of its parts!

This astounding spectacle was witnessed on September 23 when General the Right Honorable J. C. Smuts, F.R.S., President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, delivered before the Association in London his presidential address on "The Scientific World Picture of To-day."

General Smuts, who has already set forth his philosophy of "Holism" in a published book, takes for his starting-point the fact that in everything but arithmetic, the whole is not equal to its parts, but quite different.

Salt does not resemble in the least the chlorin or the sodium that compose it.

And likewise the universe, made up, as we see it, of matter, life, and mind, resembles none of the three, but is a mighty whole, and to understand it we must study all its components, tho it differs from each.

That science is beginning to make it possible for us to conceive some connection between matter, life, and mind, General Smuts believes, and he has tried in his address to envision what this connection may be.

We have space only for parts of his concluding summary, which we take from the complete address printed in *Nature* (London). Said the Boer statesman-soldier-scientist:

"In the ultimate physical analysis, science reaches a microscopic world of scientific entities, very different in character and behavior from the world of matter, space, and time.

"The world of atoms, electrons, protons, radiations, and quanta does not seem to conform to natural law in the ordinary sense.

"We seem to have passed beyond the definitely physical world into a twilight where space-time does not exist, and where strictly causal law in the old sense does not apply. From this uncertain nebulous underworld there seems to crystallize out, or literally to materialize, the world which is the proper sphere of sensuous observation and of natural laws.

"We seem to pass from one level to another in the evolution of the universe, with different units, different behaviors, and calling for different concepts and laws. Similarly, we rise to new levels as later on we pass from the physical to the biological level, and again from the latter to the level of conscious mind.

"But—and this is the significant fact—all these levels are genetically related and form an evolutionary series; and underlying the differences of the successive levels, there remains a fundamental unity of plan or organization which binds them together as members of a genetic series, as a growing, evolving, creative universe."

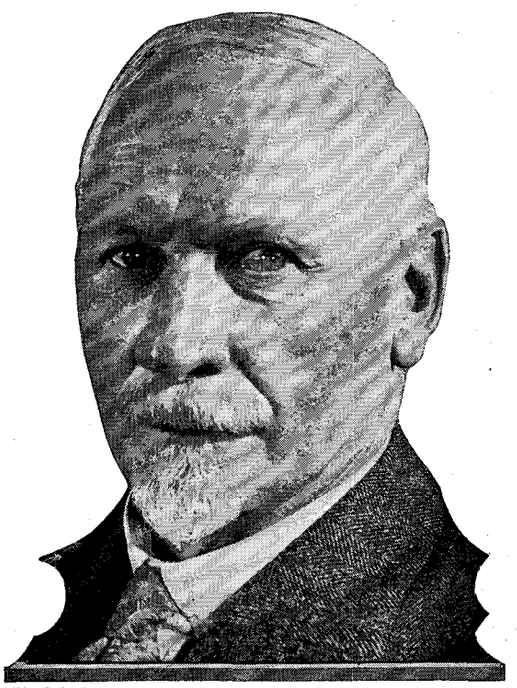
COMMON sense, General Smuts reminds us, recognizes three levels—matter, life, and mind—as together composing the world. But it places them so far apart, and makes them so inherently different from each other, that relations between them appear unintelligible, if not impossible. The older science therefore attempted to reduce life to terms of matter, and the result was a materialistic view of the world. Relativity, he thinks, has overcome the difficulty by destroying the old concept of matter, and reducing it to a configuration of space-time—in other words, to a special organization of the basic world-structure. He goes on:

"Matter, life, and mind thus translate roughly into organization, organism, organizer. Matter, life, and mind may be but different stages or levels of the same activity. Materialism has thus gone by the board, and the unintelligible trinity of common sense (matter, life, mind) has been reinterpreted and transformed.

"In any case, life through the ages shows clearly a creative advance to ever more complex organization, and ever higher qualities, while mind is responsible for the creation of a whole realm of values. We are thus justified in stressing, along with natural necessity, an increasing measure of freedom and creativeness in the world.

"This liberation of life and spirit from the iron rule of necessity is one of the greatest gains from the recent scientific advances.

"From the view-point of physics, life and mind are singular and exceptional phenomena, not in line with the movement of the universe as a whole. Recent astronomical theory has come to strengthen this view of life as exceptional. For the origin of our planetary system is attributed to an unusual accident, and planets such as ours with a favorable environment for life are taken to be rare."



Wide World photograph

"Man Is the Offspring of the Stars"

"The world," says General Smuts, "consists not only of electrons and radiations, but also of souls and aspirations. Beauty and holiness are as much aspects of nature as energy and entropy."

LIFE and mind, in other words, instead of being the natural flowering of the universe, are thus reduced to a very casual and inferior status. But these depressing speculations of recent astronomical theory have in some respects already been discounted, he asserts. This is an essentially organic universe, and it is on the way to life and mind, even if the goal has been actually reached at only one insignificant point. He proceeds:

"Besides science we have other forms of this inner relation between the mind and the universe, such as poetry, music, art, and religion.

"The human spirit is not a pathetic wandering fantom, but is at home, and meets with spiritual hospitality and response everywhere. So far from the cosmic status of life and mind being degraded by the newer astronomy and physics, are we not, in the emergence of life and mind, witnessing the birth or revelation of a new world?

"I suggest that at the present cosmic epoch we are the spectators of what is perhaps the grandest event in the immeasurable history of our universe, and that we must interpret the present phase of the universe as a mother and child universe, still joined together by a placenta, which science, in its divorce from the other great values, has hitherto failed to unravel.

"In this universe man is in very truth the offspring of the stars. The world consists not only of electrons and radiations, but also of souls and aspirations.

"Beauty and holiness are as much aspects of nature as energy and entropy.

"An adequate world-view would find them all in their proper context in the framework of the whole; and evolution is perhaps the only way of approach to the framing of a consistent world-picture which would do justice to the immensity, the profundity, and the unutterable mystery of the universe."

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Hardening Metals by Magnetism

METALS HARDENED by the usual treatment may be hardened still more, it now appears, by exposure to an alternating magnetic field.

This has been shown by experiments described in the Scientific Intelligence department of *The American Journal of Science*, New Haven (Conn.).

Curiously enough, this effect, which is believed to result from a rearrangement of the atoms of the metal, is not confined to magnetic metals, such as the various steels, but appears also in non-magnetic metals.

The application of the method to the super-hardening of steel tools is expected to prove of great value. We read in *The Journal:*

"It has been known for some time that metals could be work-hardened by treating to a process of bombardment by a great multitude of steel balls. It has more recently been observed that hard steel which had been superhardened by this so-called 'cloudburst' process showed a tendency to become still harder by an aging process which extended over several hours or even days.

"E. G. Herbert, in reflecting upon the phenomenon, was led to suppose that this spontaneous hardening was due to some atomic rearrangement, and that this alteration might be assisted, at least in a magnetic metal, by an artificial atomic disturbance such as would be produced by reversing a magnetic field."

Experiments proved this supposition to be correct, we see, as we read further:

"A piece of work-hardened steel was placed across the poles of a magnet and slowly rotated fifty times in one direction and then fifty times in the reverse direction. The result of this treatment was a distinct increase in the hardness.

"The general effect of aging after quenching, cloudburst, superhardening, and magnetic treatment was then studied in some detail. A specimen of silver steel believed to contain 0.8 per cent. carbon and a small percentage of tungsten showed a hardness of 292 before quenching. After quenching at 800 degrees Centigrade, its hardness became 715. During the first hour following, its hardness rose rapidly, and thereafter more slowly until after five hours it had reached a hardness of 810. It was then treated magnetically by being subjected to 100 slow revolutions in a magnetic field at 100 degrees Centigrade. The hardness immediately fell to 790. It was then allowed to age for six hours, when its hardness rose to about 900. It was next treated by the cloudburst method when its hardness immediately rose to 1,000, and still further increased on aging for five hours to 1,030. It was again treated magnetically as before, and after aging for less than an hour, its hardness rose to 1,080, at which value it then remained constant.

"A specimen of high-speed steel, when subjected to a similar treatment, followed an analogous course, but did not reach quite so high a final value."

ODD results followed other experiments, described as follows:

"The effect of repeated magnetic treatment on various specimens was also subjected to much investigation, and found to be of a highly complicated character. Thus in a specimen of high-speed steel successive treatments resulted in a general decrease of hardness. Another specimen of steel was subjected to a similar series of treatments, and tho the hardness fell after each turn it quickly recovered to a maximum, and then diminished slightly. The trend of the successive changes was upward.

"A safety-razor blade showed the same general course except that there was a curious reversal of the sequence of hardness variations: below the fifth turn there was a fall-rise-fall, but in the subsequent cycles the effect was a rise-fall-rise.

"The process of age hardening is not confined to ferromagnetic metals, the most noticeable instances occurring in the practically non-magnetic alloy, duralumin. It was at first thought improbable that any effect would be produced in this alloy by rotating it in a magnetic field, but it was found that the general result was a retardation of the initial rate of age hardening followed by a great acceleration of the rate.

"Brass also showed a sequence of hardness changes somewhat resembling those found in steel, but with some characteristic peculiarities.

"The hardness changes which have been described are believed to be due to a rearrangement of the atoms or a change in the atoms themselves. The hardness induced by magnetic treatment is known to persist for months, and there is no reason to believe that it is other than permanent, tho no systematic investigation has yet been carried over long periods of time. As no metal yet subjected to magnetic treatment has failed to react, it would appear that these phenomena are common to all metals.

"The temperature at which magnetic treatment is applied has a marked effect upon the resulting hardness changes. In the case of hard steel the treatment is less effective at room temperature than at 100 degrees Centigrade, but the latter temperature was arbitrarily chosen, and a higher or a lower temperature may prove to be more effective.

"The practical applications of the magnetic treatment to hard tool steels are obvious, and the treatment could be given to finished tools of the simplest or the most complicated character."

A Test of Will-Power

WHEN THE TENSILE STRENGTH of a steel wire is to be tested, it is placed in a machine that pulls it with constantly increasing force until it gives way. The force employed just as the wire breaks is a measure of its strength.

Somewhat the same method may be used to test human will-power.

It was actually employed, we are told by Julius Gallhuber, writing in the *Illustrirte Zeitung* (Leipzig) in the selections of men to take part in the British Mount Everest expedition. Mr. Gallhuber writes:

"Will-power is the motor of great deeds. It is the secret of the success of great men.

"It is will-power that leads the scientist, the merchant, the artist, the sportsman and also the mountain climber out of the gray 'common run' to great achievements.

"But, above all, it is a requisite for the explorer in mountains beyond the seas, the member of mountain-climbing expeditions. It is only the man who is physically strong and has will-power to an extraordinary degree that will be capable of rightfully and successfully participating in such great expeditions in high mountains beyond the seas.

"When the members of the English Mount Everest Expedition were to be chosen, the task was faced of securing the participation of people with great energy. Of course, it is a great deal easier to judge the physical qualities of a man, a mountain-climber, by means of medical examinations and practise tours in the Alps than to test a man's will-power. To be sure, one could eliminate the unfit after work done in great Alpine mountain excursions, but these experiments were not sufficient for the final selection.

"Hence, an experiment was devised that made it possible to measure will-power with some accuracy. This experiment, however, is a very serious matter and may be undertaken only after consultation with an expert physician and upon his advice.

"The procedure was as follows: The examination-candidate was seated in a comfortable armchair with his clothes loosened. Then he drew a deep breath and was told to refrain absolutely from further breathing; that is, as long as he possibly could. However, he was permitted to exhale.

"The following phenomena became apparent: After 30 to 55 seconds a slight discomfort and the desire to breathe set in. This was followed by a period of more or less acute pain which increased in an extraordinarily quick manner and lasted about 40 to 80 seconds. Now an unusual exertion and self-control were necessary to suppress the breathing.

"Then the pain gradually subsided, grew duller, and was easier to bear. At the same time the strain required to refrain from inhaling increased to an enormous degree, and after 3 to 5½ minutes the person experimented upon fainted, if he had not already collapsed.

"The length of time that man may hold out without inhaling furnishes a will-power scale that is well qualified for the purpose of comparison.

"Therefore, if he is capable of eliminating inhalation until he faints, he possesses the greatest possible will-power, and seems eminently qualified for record performances."

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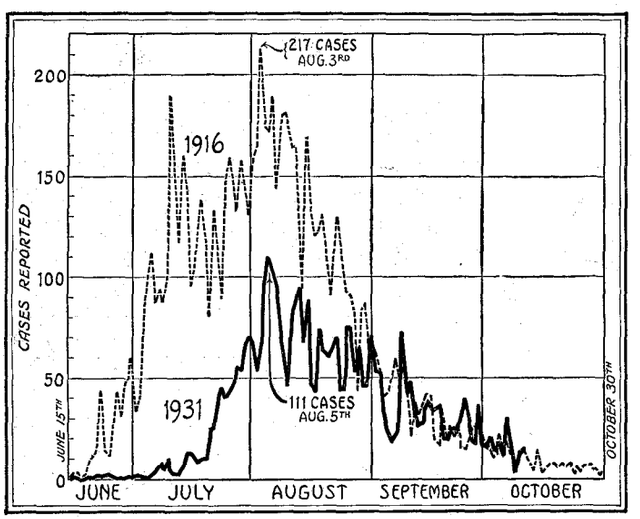
Almost Every One Has Infantile Paralysis

BUT IN ONLY ONE IN A THOUSAND does it reach the dangerous stage.

The other 999 think that they "have a cold," and don't bother about it.

And, fortunately, the harmless stage confers immunity, so that most of us are safe. But it is a diabolical sort of disease, says a writer in *The American Weekly* (New York).

What causes it, what are the chances of a child escaping, how can exposure be avoided, at what age is the child safe, what are



Courtesy of the New York *Times*

Waning Course of the Infantile Paralysis Epidemic

the symptoms, and what can be done to save the little victim from death or permanent injury?

These and many other natural questions that occur to every parent are answered and explained in the following authoritative information obtained from Dr. Shirley W. Wynne, Commissioner of Health of New York City, and Dr. William H. Park, of the City's Health Department Bureau of Laboratories. We read:

"Infantile paralysis is so called because children are most susceptible; sixty-seven per cent. come between two months and five years. After the age of sixteen one is considered practically immune.

"The disease is caused by a germ or virus so small that it has never been seen, but is known to attack the system through the mucous membranes of the throat and nose.

"The chance of any one going through life without being attacked by the germ is very small indeed. It is believed that 95 per cent. of the world's population catch it, and 99 per cent. of city dwellers. The attack is usually so slight that it is never suspected.

"Once the system has repulsed the germ, it is immune from another attack.

"The germ of infantile paralysis attacks chiefly the nervous system, especially the spinal cord and the lower part of the brain. That is why this disease so often leaves muscular paralysis."

THE exact character of the paralysis, in any case, the particular muscles that are paralyzed, and so on, differ in individual cases. Sometimes the muscles of respiration are not paralyzed at all. In other instances these are among the first muscles to be affected. The writer goes on:

"Any place where there is a crowd, especially of children, is a likely place to catch it.

"Crowded swimming pools and beaches where people's mouths and noses are constantly in contact with the water are dangerous, but there are endless other avenues of approach.

"Using common towels and soaps, eating fruit that has not been washed, or food upon which flies have lit.

"Door-knobs, banister rails, any part of a public conveyance, or most anything else that many hands have grasped are likely to be infected.

"If the child touches any of those things and then brings its hand to mouth or nose, the germ has gotten where it wants to be.

"On the mucous membranes of the upper breathing passages occurs the first battle. While the virus is increasing there the patient suffers from what are called 'pre-paralytic' symptoms. He becomes restless, then drowsy, feverish, irritable, and doesn't want to be moved. And that may be all—no different from half a dozen insignificant little summer upsets such as any child may have in a season.

"If enough of the virus gets into the blood and lymph streams, he may vomit once or twice and complain of a headache or pain in the back or back of the neck. With this he is likely to be constipated or, on the other hand, to have diarrhea. After from three to four days the symptoms pass, the attack is over, leaving, as far as known, permanent immunity from a second attack.

"Most every one has gone through this before his sixteenth year, blamed it to something he ate or drank, or a summer cold, and promptly forgotten about it.

"But the system never forgets. It produced and poured into the blood certain antibodies which conquered those germs, and it will keep some of the blood to the day of death.

"For that reason most every grown-up person's blood can be made into a serum which, if injected into a child sick with infantile paralysis, will fight against the germs of that disease or, if the child is not sick, will give it about two weeks' immunity.

"But in one case out of perhaps a thousand the disease goes further.

"When it has passed through the same mild symptoms, instead of clearing up, the virus invades the nerves that supply the muscles, and then the symptoms appear that herald the dreaded paralysis.

"These are a sore stiff neck and spine and pain in the back, arms and legs, followed by muscular weakness and paralysis, because the nerves that control the muscles are put out of action.

"If a child seems to show the symptoms already mentioned, there is only one prudent thing to do—call a doctor. Any one who can not pay a private physician's fee should notify the Board of Health or a local charitable agency. And one should remember that the chances are about a thousand to one in the child's favor."

Shady-Side "Gas"

DO you buy your gasoline on the sunny side or the shady side of the street?

Los Angeles's most thrifty citizen asks this question. He is in favor of the shady side, and says it saves him money. Unwilling to reveal his name, he fears his sporting friends will make merry over him. As a heavy retail consumer of motor fuel he bases his economy policy on solid scientific foundations. To quote a Science Service mail report (Washington):

"The rate of expansion of gasoline with rise in temperature is more than ten times that of glass. An open-air glass motor-fuel dispenser, basking in California's powerful sunshine, expands appreciably.

"But the gasoline expands so much more that the glass can not keep up with it.

"The liquid rises above the top mark on the visible cylinder and spills automatically back into the storage tank. The vessel of course still reads 'full.' The next customer simply does not get so much actual fuel, especially if there has been delay since the last refilling.

"The principle in question is, of course, well known in its application to the thermometer. The mercury or alcohol in this instrument rises because it outruns the expansion of the glass. The 'gas' dispenser, lacking the thermometer bulb, does not show so great a linear rise of liquid.

"The exact saving attained by patronage of the shady gasoline station is not revealed. It might be important, for example, in Calexico, below sea-level in the torrid Imperial Valley, where 110 degrees in the shade is common, and where the temperature in the sun is not mentioned. On the other hand, the serious problem arises: Could one find an outdoor gasoline dispenser in the northwestern winter at 40 degrees below zero? If so, one might be able to work the principle backwards and profit somehow by a shrinkage."

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England Regains Train-Record

THE HONOR OF RUNNING the fastest start-to-stop train, held for some time by the Canadian Pacific, has been rewon by Britain's Great Western Railway.

The Canadian Pacific's "Royal York" flier covers the 124 miles between Smith's Falls, Ontario, and Montreal West in 108 minutes.

The Great Western's "Cheltenham Flier" now runs 77¼ miles from Swindon to Paddington, without a stop of any kind, in 67 minutes by schedule time, or 69.18 miles per hour, and has actually done it in one hour flat, we are told by *The Railway Age* (New York). In this country, the Pennsylvania's "Steel City Express" is scheduled to make the run between Valparaiso and Fort Wayne, Indiana, 104 miles, at 59.6 miles per hour. The schedule of this train between Toledo and Englewood calls for 57 miles per hour. *The Railway Age* says of the English train:

"The new schedule marks the third time within recent years that the Cheltenham Flier has been speeded up. It was originally scheduled, before the war, to run non-stop from Kemble to Paddington, 91 miles, in 103 minutes. When normal services were resumed following the war, a stop at Swindon was added, with 85 minutes allowed for the 77¼ miles to Paddington. In 1923 this was reduced to 75 minutes, this schedule remaining unchanged until September 24, 1928, when the train was temporarily withdrawn from service. Upon its restoration, July 8, 1929, its time was further cut to 70 minutes, making it the fastest start-to-stop train in the world, which honor it has now regained."

Wide World photograph

Fastest Train in the World

The "Cheltenham Flier" passing through Tilehurst Station on its record-breaking attempt.

The Uselessness of Gold

ISN'T it odd, asks Dr. Frank Thone in a recent Science Service feature (Washington), that gold, the costliest of metals in common circulation, should be about the most useless of them!

Gold was probably one of the first metals man ever used, if not the very first. Relics of New Stone Age workmanship that have come down to us include some interesting efforts of early goldsmiths, and in Egypt and Babylonia gold was elaborately used for various kinds of ornaments many centuries before men learned how to work in iron. He goes on:

"But the early craftsmen who saw its possibilities as an ornamental material also saw its impossibility as a useful one. It had neither the hardness nor the stiffness of copper, so that it could not be used for practical tools or weapons, even when one had enough of it. And when bronze was invented, and later on the making of iron and steel developed, the softness and pliability of gold left it more than ever a material for the 'impractical' arts.

"Gold's most marked peculiarity, its resistance to tarnish, holds good even against most of the powerful acids used in modern industry and technology. It might be useful, therefore, in small vessels or tubes at critical points in certain chemical processes. But its less abundant and even costlier kinsmetal, platinum, is better than gold for these things; so again gold is shouldered aside.

"The one place where gold really gets 'into trade' successfully is in the semiornamental forms of gilding, gold leaf, and gold-plate. Like royal favor, it does not need to be spread on thick to cover a lot of ground. It can be hammered into unimaginably thin foil, so that a few costly ounces will cover whole acres of cathedral dome or interior wall space with shining surface that is a protection as well as an adornment. Spread even thinner, it labels our books, and even our lead-pencils, and the job is lasting and easily read as well as handsome. And even the cheapest of safety-razor holders nowadays can afford a thin wash of gold over their baser metal.

"All in all, gold upholds the traditional convention of the aristocrat in business: exceedingly limited usefulness, but pretty good at the little he can do."

Worry Taking the Place of War

THAT keeping up with the neighbors is becoming nature's substitute for war and famine in limiting human populations was suggested by Prof. Frank H. Hankins of Smith College before a recent meeting in London of the International Union for the Scientific Investigation of Population Problems. Says Dr. E. E. Free in his *Week's Science* (New York):

"In former ages, Professor Hankins pointed out, famines occurred at more or less regular intervals, and reduced considerably the populations of virtually all countries. The same thing still happens in some of the more backward countries like India or China.

"The first result of the modern conquest of famine in civilized countries is a sudden increase of population, such as occurred in virtually the whole civilized world during the first half of the last century.

"Since 1850, Professor Hankins said, this increase of population has slackened almost everywhere.

"There has been a decrease in the number of children in the average family, and a large increase in the percentage of childless marriages.

"These changes are more pronounced in the city than in rural districts, and in classes of higher social position rather than lower, but changes are perceptible in all classes and all communities. The change has been accompanied, also, by increases in insanity, nervous disease and suicide, all of which are evidences of widespread mental strain.

"The fundamental cause, Professor Hankins believes, is the ever-increasing pressure on individuals to maintain or improve their social condition.

"The resulting worry about 'getting ahead' already has counteracted, the statistics indicate, the normal effects of ample food supply on the birth-rate.

"In the long run this change of emphasis is likely to affect human evolution by causing the survival of racial or family strains able to get ahead easily in the world instead of strains of good fighters or good bread-winners."

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Mr. Frick's Royal Gift

THE WINTER ART SEASON in New York opens with an event more sensational, perhaps, than any that can follow.

It is the passing of the great Frick collection into the hands of a Foundation, to be held for the benefit of the public.

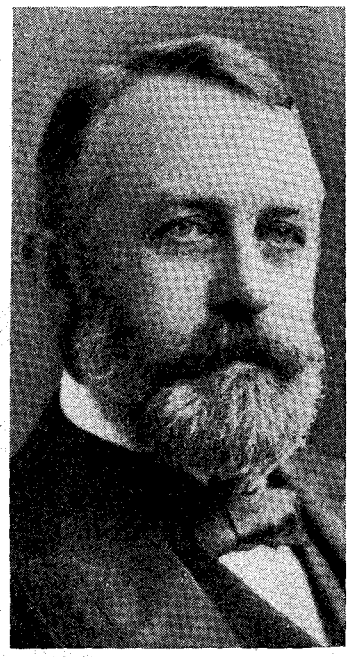
The sealed doors of the great mansion on Fifth Avenue have been unlocked by the death of Mrs. Frick, on October 5, and the near future will, no doubt, see an eager stream of visitors.

The total estate of Henry Clay Frick, says the Brooklyn *Eagle*, was appraised at $92,953,552. "His gift to the public museum of more than half of what he left proves, we think, how true a democrat was the iron-master who rivaled the late Mr. Carnegie in hard sense and in philanthropic perspective."

New York thus, in addition to the Metropolitan Museum, the Museum of the City of New York, soon to open its doors, the Museum of Modern Art, and the Whitney Museum of American Art, acquires a group of exhibits that gives the city a rank with the greatest abroad.

The forthcoming Frick Museum will stand to the Metropolitan in similar relation as does the Wallace Collection, in London, to the National Gallery.

When such a monumental collection comes into view as a public possession, says Mr. Royal Cortissoz in the New York *Herald Tribune*, "people are always interested in knowing how it was established and grew." He proceeds to tell us:



More Than Half

Of Henry C. Frick's fortune was his gift to the public.

"The usual assumption is that the dealers had a lot to do with it, and this is, in the nature of things, generally true. The dealers discover masterpieces and hunt them down. To whom but to the dealers is the collector to go?

"But the truth is that the 'onlie begetter' of a great collection is the acquisitive instinct in the man who forms it. He gets a masterpiece because he wants it.

"Mr. Frick had advice. The late Charles S. Carstairs, of the Knoedler firm, was for years his companion and counselor, and obtained for him the greater number of the paintings he bought. Sir Joseph Duveen aided him in the same field, getting the Fragonard room, for example, and helped, too, in regard to the porcelains and bronzes.

"But the prettiest story we ever heard about Mr. Frick had to do with 'The Polish Rider,' that glorious Rembrandt which was so long buried in the Galician residence of Count Tarnowski. Roger Fry, the English critic, brought it to Mr. Frick's attention; he made some inquiries about it here and there, but he himself set negotiations for it going, and ultimately bought it 'off his own bat.' The man who thus acquires a picture like 'The Polish Rider' has the cachet of the true collector."

MR. FRICK'S career as a patron of art followed the usual course of collectors in the United States:

"Fifty years ago, they were buying the sugary sentimentalities of Düsseldorf.

"Then they turned to the Paris Salon, with its more accomplished touch; the 'painted anecdote' became all the rage, and private galleries were filled with pretty, but sadly meretricious stuff.

"At that very time, however, William Morris Hunt was doing missionary work here for the painters of Barbizon, and the cudgels were effectively taken up in their behalf, among the dealers, by the late Samuel P. Avery.

"Another dealer, the late Daniel Cottier, was helpful especially as to the delightful works of the modern Dutchmen, and presently American taste began to get stabilized.

"When Durand-Ruel brought over an immense collection of impressionist paintings, and showed them in the old Doge's Palace of the Academy of Design (remembering to include some of the Romantics in the company), he fixt a milestone in the art of appreciation in America.

"Schaus, likewise of the fraternity, imported Rembrandt's 'Gilder,' now in the Havemeyer collection, at the Metropolitan, and the cult for the old masters was started.

"Since then our collectors have been through the whole gamut, interesting themselves in all the schools, and most of them, like the Havemeyers and Mrs. Gardner, Marquand, Altman, Widener, and Frick, settling down into the stride of the free eclectic. That was essentially Frick's rôle. He delighted in half a dozen traditions."

THE Whistler group in the Frick collection includes two of the master's most distinguished portraits, the "Rosa Corder" and the "Count Robert de Montesquiou-Fezensac," and one of the sea pieces. We read on:

"This Whistlerian interlude, if we may so describe it, has a suggestiveness of its own. It hints at a peculiar predilection, a peculiar appreciation of one of the most esoteric of modern painters.

"By Whistler's contemporaries there are several notable examples, the 'Rehearsal,' by Degas; the 'Combat de Taureaux,' by Manet, and paintings by Monet and Renoir. There are also two Marises in the collection, painted by Jacob and Willem, respectively.

"It is plain that when he was dealing with the men of the nineteenth century, Mr. Frick's heart was in the right place. But it was for the old masters that his ultimate affection was reserved."

SINCE this is so, it is inevitable that Mr. Frick should have turned to Rembrandt:

"There are two modes of approach to the Frick collection.

"One is chronological, and would take the early Italian pictures as supplying a point of departure.

"The other, which we prefer to adopt, is that which reckons, above all, with the resplendent masterpieces.

"There is one in 'The Polish Rider' which we have already cited, a thing almost unique in Rembrandt's work for its infusion of romantic sentiment into a design conceived in the grand style.

"But a greater painting is the Ilchester Rembrandt, the portrait of the master by himself, which dates from the last decade of his life. Superlatives are chancy things, but we must risk them and say that this is perhaps the most marvelous of all Rembrandts, the most marvelous of all his portraits. When he painted it he had passed through some of the darkest hours of his career, when bankruptcy and other hardships had left their mark.

"But in this supreme canvas he rises above adversity with a heroism tinged by sadness, yet unafraid. He puts before us a great man seen by himself with clear eyes, with profound understanding, and conscious particularly of his primacy in his craft. Color was never more consummately blent into canorous harmony. Brushwork was never more masterful.

"There is a third Rembrandt in the Frick collection, 'A Young Painter,' a beautiful thing. But the Ilchester portrait, so called because it was long in the possession of the Earl of Ilchester, is *hors concours*, a work apart, one of the prime monuments in the world of art.

"Even 'The Polish Rider,' magnificent as it is, pales a little beside it. Again, with all due regard for the dangers of superlatives,

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we venture to say that it is the brightest jewel in the gallery over which it presides.

"Holbein is, perhaps, the outstanding figure among the Northern masters in the Frick collection, represented by portraits of Sir Thomas More and Sir Thomas Cromwell. He triumphs in these magisterial works partly through characterization and partly through his pure linear power. He is all serenity and polish. So is Gerard David, in his 'Descent from the Cross,' a fine Flemish primitive. But save for Vermeer of Delft, in the three beautiful specimens of him that the collection embraces, Northern European art as Mr. Frick assembled it is remarkable for nothing more than for its ebullience, its victorious vitality."

Because money talks, the "Fragonard room" for which Mr. Frick is reported to have paid $1,250,000, excites interest:

"The Fragonard room occupies, of course, a place by itself, the quintessence of eighteenth-century *galanterie*, frou-frou, and decorative felicity.

"It is a bewitching interior, perfectly fitted to go into an architectural frame and at the same time light-in-hand, the shrewdness shown in composition by the artist being cunningly concealed beneath an appearance of the most spontaneous improvisation.

"Thinking back from it to the Ilchester Rembrandt and to the Bellini, we have an exhilarating sense of the wise eclecticism followed by Mr. Frick.

"He made his house a pell-mell of paintings and other objects. The bronzes include busts or groups by Coysevox and Pollaiouolo, Sansovino and Houdon, Laurana and Falconet or Clodion.

"There is furniture to match these things, cassones, tables, and other pieces. The rooms are spacious. The atmosphere is inspiring. From this whole pageant of art there exhales genius—and beauty.

"What a gift for a man to make to the world! The plan to make it, he said in his will, was long cherished and very dear to him. It is impossible to traverse his treasures without feeling that appreciation of the collector is incomplete if there is not added to it deep gratitude to the man."

The Cover

THE picture on the cover, which bears the indeterminate title of "In the Blue Ridge Section of North Carolina," is really the artist's home.

Mrs. B. King Couper shows a pleasant house set in its autumn glory, with a background of blue hills.

The afternoon sun strikes forcefully the yellow cottage, cozily set into the hillside, and brings out the contrast of gay color and rich shadow of the surrounding foliage.

It is a setting of beauty, dear to the out-of-doors people of that section.

Mrs. Couper is essentially a lover of the open. A native of Georgia, she has lived in various parts of the United States and Europe, but has chosen the mountains near Asheville, North Carolina, as most satisfying to her sense of color. She is independent in character, and is seldom happier than before her easel, alone with trees, native flowers or broad expanse of hill and valley, but she is in no sense a recluse.

An ardent devotee of sports in her youth, it is perhaps her interest in tennis that is responsible for her sense of movement and precision in her painting.

Mrs. Couper is a decided believer in a vocation for women, an interest aside from the home that can be to a woman what work is to a man. This does not imply any neglect of duty or affection, for she has made a success as a mother, but she has proven to herself that a woman can combine a home with the development of a career.

Mrs. Couper had a picture in the Paris Salon autumn exhibition, 1930, and has recently held an exhibition at the Art Center, New York, upon which the New York *Times* comments:

"She paints freshly, employing a bright palet. Mrs. Couper, a Georgian by birth, makes her home in Montreat, North Carolina. Altho she has painted in Gloucester and France during the last few years, her subjects are often found in her own Southland, which she knows so well."

A Frenchman Defends Us

"YOU ENGLISH, LIKE OURSELVES, are unjust to the Americans."

So the French author, André Maurois, reminds our blood cousins, summing up these common European charges against us:

"America has turned the civilization of quality (ours, that is to say) into a civilization of quantity; America, because of her overproduction, the fatal result of her educational system, is the

National Studios photograph

Greatest of All Rembrandts

So this self-portrait of the artist in the Frick Collection is called.

cause of all our troubles; America is a menace to European culture."

BOTH England and France, he says in *The Morning Post* (London), have given "these commonplaces" an "enthusiastic reception." And he doesn't scold them for it, because "criticism is diverting, and to criticize a foreign people is the easiest and surest form of humor."

Then he proceeds to take up the first charge, and asks:

"But who invented that industrial civilization if not England and France at the end of the nineteenth century?

"America threatens our culture? After spending four months in an American University, I can allow myself to disagree. It is true that in certain of her colleges America caricatures true culture. Witness Professor Flexner's book or Mr. Eric Linklater's amusing and truthful novel. ['Juan in America.']

"But, in spite of this false culture, the Americans are much given to serious study. The younger generation is quite remarkable in that respect.

"I should like to meet in every European country women as truly cultivated as those whom I have seen in the great colleges of the Eastern States—at Bryn Mawr, at Vassar, and at Smith.

"My students at Princeton were capable of following intelligently a lecture in French, and their reading was wide. To read the output of the younger American authors is to be convinced that it could not be the expression of an uncultured people.

"A novelist such as Hemingway, by his taste and his restraint,

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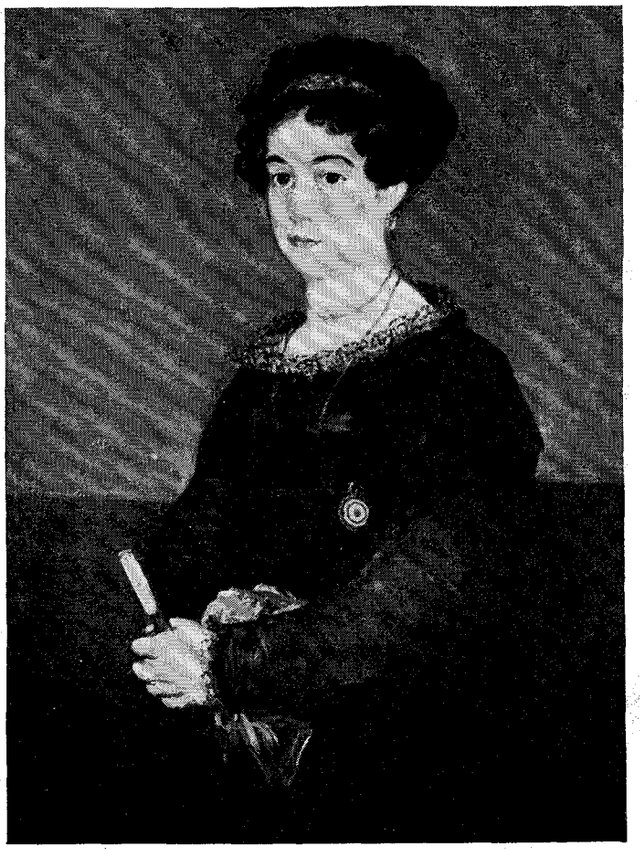
heralds a great epoch. A critic like Edmund Wilson would do honor to any French or English review.

"The tone of the best magazines indicates a true taste for ideas. It might be answered that these magazines address themselves only to a small minority of highbrows, and that the rest are vulgar. But is not that true of all countries?

"For my part, I think, like my fellow countryman, Paul Morand, that we shall have difficulty in saving our Western civilization during the next few decades, but that one of its sanctuaries, along with Paris, London, and some of the great European universities, will be the rocky islet of Manhattan."



National Studios photograph

Goya Paints His Landlady

Mr. Frick owned this canvas of the famous Spaniard.

His second point is that "if the American civilization is not an inferior one, it is, nevertheless, a primitive civilization":

"It is not a phenomenon of senility, it is a phenomenon of adolescence.

"The period in European history which comes irresistibly to my mind when I think of America is the Renaissance, the end of the feudal era, the last years in the prosperity of the great individual figures, before they were tamed by States stronger than themselves.

"The Chicago racketeer and the powerful New York banker are feudal lords who do not wish to obey any other law than their own wills. Soon, inevitably, the American State will impose its strength upon the banker and the racketeer, but at the present time it is in the United States the period of César Borgia, of Henry VIII, and of Machiavelli over again."

Another primitive trait, he declares, is the power of convention and formalism:

"It is said that life in America is free and easy.

"Nothing could be more untrue. No other country is more bound by convention than America.

"The code of manners there is a hundred times more exacting than in England. From his university days the American is a member of clubs, secret societies, and fraternities, which impose upon him oaths and customs. Social life is of a strictness difficult to conceive.

"Snobbery is on the grand scale, and expresses itself in strange ways. To have a small telephone or car number is a sign of aristocracy. A box at the Metropolitan Opera House is like a coat of arms.

"The older an aristocracy is the more easy-going it is. The American aristocracy, which is of recent origin, is much more exclusive than the English.

"I have been told that at Hollywood the old families are those of the Douglas Fairbanks period; they have English butlers, quietly furnished houses, and they speak with regret of the good old days of the silent film. In addition there are the parvenus, the families of the talking film, who form a scintillating, cosmopolitan set, but whom the 'old families' do not receive."

His third impression is one that perhaps his English readers or hearers will most strongly contest:

"It is often said that America and England until the middle of the last century shared between them a unique Anglo-Saxon civilization, but that they are now separating farther and farther from each other.

"I do not altogether agree.

"It is true that, if one takes language alone into consideration, American tends more and more to become a separate tongue; it invents its own words and images, and that is all to the good. But if one studies customs, it seems to me, on the contrary, that I perceive among the younger generation of Americans an astonishing attraction toward an English habit of mind.

"In American universities, the student magazines extol the football and tennis manners of the English.

"Mr. Douglas Woodruff, in his charming little book, 'Plato's American Republic,' does not concede to the Americans the taste for leisure which, he says, is the ornament of the English. He is right, but this taste has developed rapidly since the end of America's heroic pioneer period. As some children, in growing, increase their resemblance to their fathers, so America moves toward an English type of civilization.

"The American, of course, is not an Englishman, and England is not America, but in the eyes of a Frenchman the two peoples resemble each other much more closely than they resemble any other nation."

Mr. Wells Talks, Not Lectures

MR. H. G. WELLS IS WITH US, but swears he won't lecture.

Gives "his pledge and promise as a British gentleman" to that effect.

But he has plenty of opinions for the newspaper boys, and some of them are drest up better in certain papers than in others.

Edwin C. Hill of the New York *Sun* got the most colorful side of Mr. Wells, or drew more help than did others from his own colored glasses.

He paints a good picture, too:

"A pleasant person, Wells.

"Not a big man at all.

"One had had the notion, somehow, that he was a great, hearty, substantial fellow of the physical build of the late Conan Doyle.

"Nothing of the sort. He gives the impression of being a small man, tho compact. He has the sanguine complexion of the usual well-fed Briton. His hair is brownish and thinning.

"His face is rather square, with a broad forehead and rather small, keen blue eyes, and a sandy mustache, also graying a trifle.

"But he likes to talk, and likes people. He's as friendly as a setter pup. But somehow and behind all of this one gets the definite picture of the bookish man—the library recluse—the theorist-scholar—the dreamer. He is to be here a month."

This isn't the portrait of a calamity-howler, yet the reporter seemed to get it that Wells was pessimistic about the future of civilization unless the world's affairs were taken away from politicians and given over to the economists.

Mr. Hill was exercised over a little bit of gossip that concerned Wells, Galsworthy, and Lunacharsky, "Soviet Commissar of Education in the Mad Hatter's Millennium." The phrase is Mr. Hill's.

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This is how he "interviewed" the visitor:

"You couldn't get Wells to put the statement in so many words, but it was impossible to duck the conclusion that if he were to go to one Joseph Stalin, hard-boiled Stalin, toughest egg in the known world, and tell Boss Stalin what Lunacharsky had revealed about what had been going on in Moscow, Lunacharsky's life wouldn't be worth an old second-hand copy of 'The Outline of History.'

"The topic came up in this way. Mr. Wells, as pleasant a British gentleman as a newspaper man ever babbled conventional nonsense with, was sitting to-day in the office of his publishers.

"And around the affable and loquacious Mr. Wells sat half a dozen newspaper men and women who were working pretty hard at the job of trying to shoo a great man away from the customary safe but inane generalities of interviewing and pin him down to something definite and downright and worth reading.

"It wasn't easy in Wells's case. He's a wary old bird, and has been picked at by interviewers in a dozen languages.

"The chat had droned on for half an hour, the usual heavy stuff about the plight of the world, the coming collapse of civilization, the Russian Five-Year Plan, and so on.

"Then one of the group of reporters pulled a literary gun on Mr. Wells. It was a clipping from the book columns of the New York *Sun*, and it purported to be a translation of an article by Commissar Lunacharsky, in the Soviet illustrated journal *Projector*, published in Moscow.

"A friend of *The Sun*, conversant with the Russian language, and considerably startled by expressions attributed to Wells, translated the article in its essentials, and *The Sun* published the translation.

"The snapper of the whole business was Wells's amazingly nasty crack about John Galsworthy—as attributed to Wells by Lunacharsky, who reported the remark as a part of his whole conversation with the British author.

"Lunacharsky asked Wells what he thought about Galsworthy. The reply, according to Lunacharsky, was:

"'Galsworthy is an impossible man. He's himself a snob in the highest degree, and he has arranged his life exactly like the conservative heroes who play so big a part in his novels.'

"There was more of the same, but that was the snapper which angered a good many Galsworthy admirers in this country. The clipping containing the talk between Wells and Lunacharsky, as reported by the Russian, was handed to Wells."

Doesn't Look a Pessimist

But H. G. Wells hasn't a cheerful word for the future.

"DID you actually say that about Galsworthy, Mr. Wells?" So the inquiry was put. Then:

"Wells flushed, fidgeted a mite, and smiled blandly. The man has more poise than Greta Garbo. It's hard to imagine what would really shake up his mental intestines.

"'My dear sir,' he began, 'it is practically true that I did have luncheon with Lunacharsky in Moscow, and that we did talk about Galsworthy. And I do recall saying that, in my estimation, Galsworthy's vision was restricted by the social strata that confined him. Now, when my comment was translated from English into Russian and back from Russian into English, after passing through Lunacharsky's mind and the mind of the translator of Lunacharsky's article, you must agree that there would be room for some divergence from my meaning.'

"'But, Mr. Wells, Lunacharsky was precise in attributing to you the expression, "He's himself a snob in the highest degree." Did you say that?'

"'As I was just remarking,' Wells continued tranquilly, 'there is always room for misunderstanding when thoughts are filtered through two languages.'

"A flash of resentment suddenly relieved his placid amiability.

"'If I were to tell what Lunacharsky said to me on that occasion about what had been going on in Moscow, well—!'

"'Why don't you tell, Mr. Wells?'

"'Oh, no. I wouldn't do anything of that sort. No, no!'

"But there was a volume, a thick, well-padded H. G. Wells volume in the expression of his face—an expression which very plainly radiated the belief that the tattling, babbling Lunacharsky would take a running jump into the hereafter if he, Wells, were to retaliate.

"So that was that."

TURNING to subjects upon which Mr. Wells has recently been both writing and broadcasting, Mr. Hill reports that "Wells is convinced that civilization is going to the demnition bow-wows." Even worse:

"It's practically all over.

"There will be hell to pay east of Suez, the Red flag will advance to the Rhine, maybe to the Atlantic. Down will go western Europe in one awful smash. Anarchy will seize upon these doomed United States. Mankind will take to caves and skin panties.

"And somewhere high above this world calamity, Wells will be sitting upon a pink cloud—only a little under the footstool of the Almighty—and murmuring in sorrowful tones: 'I told you so! Why didn't you take my advice?'

"There was, it appeared, one slim chance that the world might be saved. If business and financial men the world over were to get together and revamp the whole capitalistic system and adopt a universal coinage, there might be some hope. But the whole job would have to be taken away from the politicians and handed over to the economists.

"'What makes you think, Mr. Wells, that the economists have shown enough intelligence to do the job?'

"'Well, I don't know. I fancy it's because I'm an optimist.'

"In rather a vague way—as is the habit of theorists—Wells suggested that maybe the world would pick up, unemployment decrease, and so on, if everybody would pitch in and build cities. Build cities all over the world. New cities. Big architectural schemes. And there you are.

"Would England pull through?

"Oh, yes. Old England would muddle her way out of the mess, somehow. That is, if civilization didn't collapse before she had time. It was likely to.

"But it must be remembered that England was really better off than France. He owned property—a farm—in France, and knew what was going on. The talk that there was no unemployment or destitution in France was all nonsense. Maybe a great many people had a little piece of land, but that was all they had. They couldn't work. The cities were full of people who were starving.

"He didn't think much of Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald. He didn't think MacDonald would do much toward pulling Britannia out of the swamp.

"'He's a very self-conscious and theatrical person; a poseur,' said Wells with Olympian authority."

MR. WELLS'S remarks do not seem to spread terror.

The New York *Herald Tribune* reminds him that he "forgets the part he is enacting and looks and jokes far more like a well-fed Santa Claus than a lean Jeremiah."

Also, it takes up his point about salvation through the economists:

"The only point not made clear is which economists must take charge. Is it the ones who believe in the quantity theory of money, or the ones who spend their lives disproving it? Are the old-fashioned conventional free-traders or the new-fashioned half-way protectionists the more to be believed? Should all the economists in the world be locked in a room and the carnage be permitted to continue until one school only survived? Or what? The 'dismal' science has turned so many handsprings in the last generation that 'dizzy' seems a better adjective for it. Once Mr. Wells brings the economists into agreement as to what ought to be done with the world, it will be easy enough to turn it over to them."

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What the Legion's Cry for Beer Uncorked

THE AMERICAN LEGION'S THIRSTY CRY at Detroit uncorks a lot of wrath stored up in some of the religious press against such an emergency.

As recorded in THE LITERARY DIGEST, October 10, the American Legion convention voted, 1,008 to 394, for a referendum on the Eighteenth Amendment.

But if the angry editors and writers of the religious press can prevent it, the veterans won't get a single stein.

In fact, some of them say that the "boys" had already had too many when they called for more, and that Clarence True Wilson was right when he spoke about the number of "staggering drunks" he saw.

A special dispatch to the Chicago *Daily Tribune*, *The Baptist* recalls, quotes Dr. A. D. Runnells of Windsor Central United Church as publicly declaring, "hell has broken loose in Windsor" as a result of the "orgies" of American Legionnaires. "A Canadian newspaper man, Mr. Ben Spence," we are told, "deplored the 'maudlinism' of our veterans. The public welfare commission of Detroit reports that twenty-five men in uniform had to be given hospital treatment as a result of alcoholism."

It is urged, too, that the delegates at Detroit were not representative of the ex-service men or of the sections from which they hail.

Acme photograph

A Sober Matter

And the veterans look dry enough here as the resolutions committee of the American Legian Convention listen to the appeal of Charles V. Falkenburg, of Chicago, for a referendum on beer.

Certainly, these editors are very angry and outspoken.

FOR instance, the Pittsburgh *Christian Advocate* (Methodist) cries out that "the moral powers of American manhood still suffer from the backwash of hell in 1914 to 1918. The fight to keep the brewers and distillers out of business in the United States is a fight not only against them and their money, but against the spirit of lawlessness created by war and yet lingering in the minds of many."

Waxing sarcastic, this member of the *Advocate* family says that "probably the reason that more than a third of the delegates voted for more bonus was to get more beer . . . a stirring example of devotion to the fatherland in this time of crisis":

"So the chant, 'We want beer,' was taken up in the convention while the President was still on the platform, tho why they wanted it when so many couldn't carry what they had is hard to say.

"Why ask for beer when one can cross from Detroit to Windsor and get stupidly drunk on Canadian ale?

"Indeed, why call for more beer when any super-patriot may defy the Constitution and the laws of his country by paying a bootlegger to break the law?

"What's the law, anyhow, between friends, so long as the friends wear the overseas cap?"

However, the Pittsburgh paper agrees that the Legion had a right to pass a resolution asking for a referendum on the question of repealing or modifying the Prohibition laws, tho it says that such a referendum "would settle nothing."

The veterans at the convention, insists the Cincinnati *Christian Advocate*, another member of the Methodist family of publications, "were simply voting what they felt themselves." Speaking of Dr. Clarence True Wilson's criticism of the convention, the Cincinnati *Advocate* says:

"His words attracted attention. He was viciously attacked. His reaction was exprest in words strong and almost vitriolic.

"Nevertheless, it is our opinion that he was justified in speaking in the strongest language.

"If there are those who question his integrity by saying that his words were mostly emotional, they need to receive further information."

OTHER men, we are told, testified to the same conditions. Dr. D. Leigh Colvin, economist and educator of New York City, is named as one of them. He was on the scene, we are told, as the representative of the American Business Men's Prohibition Foundation. He is quoted as saying that not in many years had he seen so much drinking and intoxication "as was openly in evidence on the part of Legionnaires and their friends during this year's convention." Nevertheless, he is convinced that "the great majority of America's million Legionnaires, to-day, is for law and order and the loyal administration of the Eighteenth Amendment."

Dr. Colvin was a captain in the United States Army during the war, and he is quoted further as asserting that the American soldiers when in France did not complain against the adoption of Prohibition, that the cry that Prohibition was "put over" was not heard at that time, and that—

"The fact is, and we should not forget to record it, the soldier boys, as well as the great mass of well-informed people throughout America, well knew that Prohibition was coming.

"In the decisive election of 1916 every soldier who was old enough to vote had had a part in the election of the Congress which, by two-thirds vote, submitted the Eighteenth Amendment.

"Irrespective of the vote at Detroit, the propagandists for beer, and the influence brought to bear by the brewers, in favor of so-called modification, can only serve to arouse resentment on the part of the great mass of Legionnaires who are active members in thousands of our churches and civic organizations, who know liquor is still the greatest menace of the nation."

"The boisterous manner in which the resolution was adopted, with cries of 'We want beer! We want beer!'" observes *The Church Advocate* (Churches of God), "gave rise to more than a suspicion that many voting for it not only wanted liquor, but already had more than the law allows."

But, cautions the Harrisburg weekly, "let us not dismiss this action of the American Legion without catching the warning which it involves. This action, added to that of other influential organizations taken within recent months, clearly indicates that the sentiment against Prohibition is growing."

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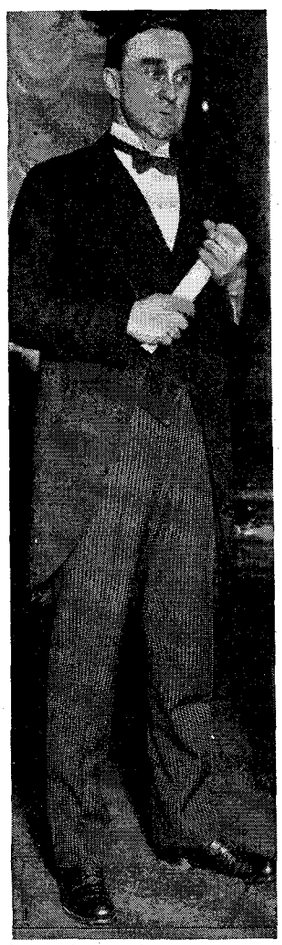
It had been evident for some time that the Legion would vote wet, if it voted at all on Prohibition, asserts *The Religious Telescope* (United Brethren in Christ). This is not saying that a majority of the soldiers are wet, we are told. "But a majority of those who have made up its conventions have been most decidedly wet; and, what is more regrettable, they have demonstrated their wetness as much in their conduct at the conventions as in their vociferous vocal expressions, in so much that the conventions have been no credit to the organization or to the American soldiers."



Underwood photograph

"A Regular Fellow"

Dr. Daniel A. Poling, who would "divorce Prohibition from religion and morals."

ACCEPTING the statements that the Legion delegates had broached a good many kegs before they uttered their "ribald, razzy shouts" for beer, the Dayton journal expresses regret at printing its article, and concludes sadly:

"The American Legion purports to be a patriotic organization. We believe it has a great field and a great opportunity for service. If it should lean somewhat toward militarism, we would deem that as but natural.

"But when it falls into the hands of a reactionary element and throws its influence against moral progress, then it makes a sad spectacle of itself and dishonors the millions of young men who wore the uniform of the American soldier with honor to themselves and to their country."

Others which sorrow over the action of the Legion convention are *The Presbyterian* and *The Christian-Evangelist* (Disciples of Christ), which says that "the Legion has unquestionably lost much of its prestige, which it is not likely to regain."

But *The American Hebrew* wonders what makes one who proposes a referendum on Prohibition "a drunk" and "a traitor." "Why not make a test and come to a showdown?" it asks. "Is it possible that the promoters of Prohibition are convinced that in a referendum their pet theory has no chance?"

THEN there are the "Imps of Hell" to be heard from. Some Legionnaires in Atlanta have formed an organization under that name as a castigation of Dr. Wilson. Mayor James L. Key, ousted as head of a Bible class for espousing anti-Prohibition in France, is reported to have accepted honorary membership.

More significant is the statement of a student publication, *The Yellow Jacket*, of Randolph Macon College, a Methodist institution in Virginia. Referring to the remarks attributed to Dr. Wilson, *The Yellow Jacket* says:

"This is that kind of disgusting speech that will gather more votes for repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment than the beckoning finger of the bartender ever could.

"The fact that Prohibition could so warp the mind of one some-time great man argues against Prohibition and invites pity for Dr. Clarence True Wilson.

"To call the ex-soldier, the man who was willing and did lay down his life for his country (even for Dr. Wilson), a 'perjured scoundrel,' is for the doctor to imply his own descent into realms lower than his own fond terms signify."

Drys and Wets Jolly Good Fellows

SOME OF THE FINEST PEOPLE in the world are wets. The concession comes from Dr. Daniel A. Poling, leader of the Allied Forces for Prohibition, whose articles of organization say that the advantages of teetotalism rest with the body, the pocketbook, the mind—not with the soul.

Which means that the Allied Forces have divorced the Prohibition question from morals and religion, and are going to meet the earnest and sincere anti-Prohibitionists on their own grounds.

It was Dr. Poling, Dorothy Ducas tells us in *McCall's Magazine*, who "decided to dispel the popular impression that the holier-than-thou spirit pervaded the Prohibition movement," and she quotes him as saying:

"Let us divorce Prohibition from religion and morals, and let us make it a business proposition.

"We must get away from the idea that all of God's children are on our side, or that those who are not on our side are not God's children.

"Some of the finest people in the world are on the other side. Many are honestly for temperance. We can discuss Prohibition calmly, without the brutality that condemns everything it can not confirm.

"Prohibitionists have ignored the growing strength of the wet organizations. They have ignored the moral integrity of the wets, or refused to believe it. They have refused to learn by the lessons which the wets have taught us. For example, they have taught us how to laugh, and now perhaps we can use even that weapon against them."

Reproduced from *McCall's Magazine*

It Doesn't Fit

The Allied Forces of Prohibition, a new dry organization—Cartoon by Kirby.

DR. POLING is editor of *The Christian Herald*, director of a philanthropic foundation, and former minister at the Marble Collegiate Church in New York. He has been a dry since his student days at Dallas College in Oregon. "In his person he is friendly, vivid, and struck through with an amazing energy. His proudest description of himself is that he is a regular fellow."

The Prohibition ranks are not divided, Miss Ducas writes. The pulpit will not lessen its ardor in the fight. The new organization is designed to meet attack from a specific direction. "Science and homiletics will go hand in hand to gain the battle."

Dr. Poling's statement is heartily commended by the Philadelphia *Record*, which says, "it reveals a bigger man than many men now in the dry movement." *The Record* "would like to be as fair to the drys as Dr. Poling has tried to be fair to the wets":

"Therefore, it approves his statement, in letter and in principle, that 'the Prohibition question must be settled by collective, amiable thought.'

"One way of promoting settlement of the Prohibition question amiably, and through the use of collective thought, is by a national referendum.

"Fair-minded wets want such a referendum, an open, honest vote. Will the drys, in their new fair-mindedness, cease their persistent efforts, running through the years, to block out public opinion on the Prohibition question?"

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De Cou photograph from Ewing Galloway

When Limehouse Forgets Its Cares

Christ in London's Slums

"ALDGATE HUSSAR"—she was a woman of the street who obeyed no laws of God or man.

But one day she came to a turn in the road, and she was changed—transformed and transfigured.

She is one of a host who have come up out of the vast misery of London's East End—Stepney, Whitechapel, and the Limehouse district, where brute instinct is too often the only weapon against poverty, where children must play in filth and semi-darkness, and lump together in a single bed, where men and women find a false paradise in a bottle of gin.

"Aldgate Hussar" is one of those who have rewarded the efforts of the East End Mission, about which R. G. Burnett has written an enthralling book, "Christ Down East" (Revell), which shows the tremendous change which has come over London's slumdom since Peter Thompson started the mission back in 1883.

That good man was on his way to take a church in Scotland, where he could indulge his love of field, trees, and birdsong, and have an occasional hour with rod and line, when he was overtaken by a friend who said, "Peter, you are down for East London." Peter turned to his wife, and she said, "Anywhere with you." And so the two turned back, and started the great work which is still bringing salvation to the slums. And when the time came for the Thompsons to go on, and things looked rather dark for the mission, the task was taken up by F. W. Chudleigh, "the Friend of the Friendless," to whom the little book is dedicated.

IN it we see the London slums as once they were—such places of poverty, squalor, and depravity as should shame the civilization under which they existed—and a better, cleaner East End, begun when the mission ran up its flag in the midst of degradation.

Here are scenes which agonized John Galsworthy—one a woman who had about sixty cents a week on which to live after she had paid her rent. "Well, sir, it's like this," she said, when he asked her how she did it. "I haven't got much of a nappetite. Sometimes I don't feel like eating, so I goes without anyfink perhaps all day. It's just according to what you gets used to, sir."

We have the story of the women who, brought to a public hall, appalled London when they told of the conditions under which they were forced to live; of "Fairy Flo," broken-down actress, who, when she was expected to sing an obscene song in a bawdy music hall, surprized her ribald audience with that mission song, "There is a fountain filled with blood." It was her last appearance.

We read of the sailor who sailed all the seven seas in the fo'c's'le and tramped the earth in search of riches and adventure, and who once ran a restaurant for trappers and fishermen on Prince Rupert's Island, and there entertained the American airmen who were the first to fly around the globe. He is down in Lowell Thomas's book, "The First World Flight."

THEN there is the sailor who was on his way to commit a burglary, and suddenly changed his mind and his ways, to the discomfiture of his comrades.

But there is humor, too, in these starvelings of the slum. A negro wastrel caught up in the crusaders' net boasted of his Scotch blood, coursing through him, he said, because his ancestors ate Scotch missionaries. A little boy told the Queen to keep the change out of a three-penny ticket which he gave her for a two-penny piece of pie. It was down in Stepney during the war, when the Queen was opening a communal kitchen and served behind the counter. A little fellow said to his older brother that he didn't belong to the animal kingdom, but to the Kingdom of God. He had heard the missioners. A lonely West End woman of fortune entertained a crowd of youngsters at Christmas. "They behaved like little ladies and gentlemen," she said.

And the secret of it all is that "a mighty host of humble believers are living radiantly under appalling conditions because they have experienced the saving grace of a personal Redeemer."

The reformation of the notorious "Aldgate Hussar" was an answer to a London magistrate's question, "Where now is the grace of God?" prompted by a drunken, helpless prisoner who stood before him and wished to God he was dead. We hear that—

"The cry of that beaten man in the police-court, 'I'm helpless. I wish to God I was dead,' is repeated every day in the East

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London slums. The East End Mission, upon whose work this book is based, exists to proclaim that the grace of God is as potent to-day as it has ever been: the weary and the heavy-laden are finding rest in the Christ Who through the ages has pointed men to the way of salvation."

But an amazing change, we are told, has come about in the East End of London during the last fifty years:

"Life in its wretched houses and squalid streets is still drab and depressing, but it is no longer infamous as it was half a century ago.

"Vice still finds a root there, as it does also in the fashionable West End; but the worst dens of the evil days have been swept away, and streets that once were scenes of crime and degradation are now as quiet and respectable as the more pretentious avenues of the suburbs.

"Consider the Ratcliffe Highway. It used to be a plague spot, with every other house a brothel, and within its borders no fewer than fifteen of the lowest dance-halls and public houses in London. Sailors lured into these haunts of wickedness by painted women were robbed of their pay within an hour or two of stepping ashore, and flung out on to the cobbles, drunk or drugged, and half-murdered, with scarcely a shred of clothing left. Or else they would be pitched down through a trap door into the cellar and carried thence by the publican's bullies.

"All that has been altered. The very name of the street has been changed; not, as Sir Walter Besant suggested, because it was shamed into better ways, but because the decent people who succeeded the crimps and robbers and prostitutes would not tolerate a name which had become a byword for all manner of evil. What is true of the thoroughfare now known as St. George's Street East is true of many another neighborhood in Stepney, Shoreditch, Bethnal Green, and Limehouse.

"That is not to say that East London has become the New Jerusalem. Extreme poverty and overcrowding and the drabness which makes youths and girls seek adventure in the streets still create enough perplexing problems for the social worker and the evangelist.

"Crooks and prostitutes and harpies still ply their nefarious trades. But there are few streets that policemen dare not patrol alone. The general level of conduct is much higher, and the proportion of men and women living self-respecting lives immeasurably larger.

"Why? Many agencies have contributed to this silent revolution. Sailors are not paid off in the former haphazard fashion. Public houses are no longer open at all hours of the day and night. Education has played its part. But, when all allowance has been made for these and other factors, those who know from first-hand experience what has taken place admit that it is the Christian witness which has exercised the deciding influence.

"Forty-five years ago scarcely any attempt was being made by the churches to reach the outcasts of the slums. To-day there is not a court or alley in which Christ has not been proclaimed.

"Moreover, the very changes brought about in local government, minimizing destitution and providing for sickness, have been made possible mainly by the persistent advocacy of the Christian leaders. When first the dockers sought to secure better conditions of employment it was to the Mission that they came, using its premises for their meetings and placing its name upon their banners.

"Christ was identified with every enlightened effort that was made to reduce the miseries of the people, and His triumphs have scattered the scornful."

De Cou photograph from Ewing Galloway

The Only Pleasure for Some

Limehouse women sharing a pitcher of beer. The slum has little else to offer of its own.

More Good News for Parents

Troubled parents will be glad to know that there is no conscious revolt of modern youth.

It is only because so much is happening in one generation that the surge and stress of the younger tribe looks like an active outbreak against all moral discipline.

That is the conclusion of Dr. William S. Sadler, author of "The Mind at Mischief," in his new book, "Piloting Modern Youth" (Funk and Wagnalls), in which he offers a solution of all the problems which vex fathers and mothers in this perplexing and fast-moving age. The book embodies not only his own long professional experience with family problems, but that of his wife, Dr. Lena K. Sadler, who also ranks high in medical science.

Too much has been said about the revolt of youth, asserts Dr. Sadler. Those who hold to the idea, he says, have been in long contact with delinquents, and so have drawn a one-sided picture. It is just as if he were to conclude that all the world is sick because every one who comes to see him professionally is sick.

"I agree," he writes, "that in the sharp and sudden reaction to their new liberties, there probably is a temporary increase of irregular sex practises and other reprehensible conduct on the part of our undertaught and undisciplined young people, but on the whole I think the situation is sound."

He believes that the young people can be depended upon to take care of themselves and promptly to correct these habits, and that, as the parents of the next generation, they will institute such wholesome discipline as will prevent a recurrence among their children of the more objectionable aspects of the present-day so-called revolt.

"Let us remember," he advises, "that youth is always in rebellion; always has been, and always will be." As he sees it,

"This fact must be recognized, even tho we are compelled to admit that the present generation is witnessing the greatest, most far-reaching of all of these upheavals, many things having contributed to make it the most significant of all youthful revolts of history. While the World War did not initiate this rebellion, it did create a state of national psychology and public opinion which has added much to its acuteness and spectacular manifestations.

"We must keep in mind that the lessening of parental instruction, the loosening of the social tabus, is serving to swamp the weaker of our youth, to sweep the more restless off their feet and into the weltering maelstrom of pleasure-seeking and thrill-chasing.

"But modern psychology, coupled with the experience and common sense of parents, and presently to be reenforced by the first graduates of this twentieth-century movement, will bring order out of chaos, steady the hands and guide the minds of these restless, flaming youth as each decade passes.

"Other generations have worked out their own salvation; the laws of human inheritance still prevail.

"The youth of to-day who have good blood running in their veins, even tho they may be participating in this so-called revolt, will sooner or later find themselves, be true to themselves, and effectively save themselves."

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CURRENT POETRY

UNSOLICITED CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT CAN NOT BE RETURNED. UNPUBLISHED POETRY UNAVAILABLE

SURELY the authentic note of autumn is in this, from *The Step Ladder* (Cedar Rapids, Ia.):

TO A QUAIL CALLING IN THE DUSK

By Glenn Ward Dresbach

The shadow of a reaper passes here
  Before pale violet curtains of the dusk,
His scythe, behind his shoulder, swinging near
  The earth where he has stirred a drowsy musk.
He leaves slow rhythms in the shadowy air
  Then merges in the patterns of the sky
Beyond the tented sheaves. I grow aware
  Of silence turned articulate in a cry . . .
Lost quail, across these fields your call can go
Through more than dusk to something ages know.

I cannot pass until your answer lifts
  From tented distance of the sheaves or out
Of hedges where the wind from pasture drifts
  The milk-weed silk. You pause—and all the doubt
Of other waiting hears the blowing leaf
  Upon the grass, the swaying of the reed
That must, at last, be broken, and the brief
  Sigh pods have saved to wing the scattered seed.
I listen with you—fearing to depart
With that call far and lonely in my heart.

You call again, and where the reaper passed
  Into the sky one star has bloomed. Below
That star I hear your answer. Now your last
  Quick call returns. Dusk draws you near. I know
Again the mellow fragrance of the land
  That holds the sheaves against its breast, the deep
Slow breathing of the earth. Again I stand
  With intimation of the touch of sleep
When wing is pressed to wing, by sheaves of gold
The reaper left you when the day was old.

HERE is a confession for those interested in astrology—and the cult seems to grow—from the University of California *Chronicle:*

THE TRADITIONALIST

By Julia Cooley Altrocchi

The starry sign that stood in light above my birth
Was Cancer, the regressive Crab, that sends the sun
Back to the summering south, and, in slow claws, retains
The memory of all the elder things of earth.

Therefore I breathed the centuries with the first breath,
Therefore I feel the influence of ancient things,
The ebbing tide that moves back over the gained sand
Into its hoard of shells and re-drawn waves and death;

The surge more summoning of consummated deeds
Than the frail foam of things to be. Down to the brink
Of origins and the fore-consecrated land
I go, to the fraught waves and gardens thick with weeds;

To places deep with dust and bones and memory,
To wastes and ruined monuments of enterprise.
Old houses and old gardens have a power for me
Such as the ancient moon has for the ductile sea.

There I remain, content to let the future pass
Above the chimney and the phlox-bed and the pines,
A clamorous, unimportant wind.—Yet there are those
Who say I keep a gainless tryst with ghosts and grass.

Let other souls go forth with purpose, fain and fast,
Into futurity, along the impetuous years.
I am kept back, perforce, by starry tentacles.
There is a destiny that draws me to the past.

BANTERING a volcano in the simile of a prima donna is a new departure in nature poetry, and fit to raise a smile. It appears in the New York *Times:*

VESUVIUS

By Roselle Mercier Montgomery

(As seen from Sorrento.)

Vesuvius, I know now what you are!
  I, who have watched you now, through many weeks,
  Steal centre-stage from all your sister-peaks,
Am quite convinced you are the avatar
Of some dead diva, or some picture-star,
  So boldly do you stand against the sky,
  So flauntingly you challenge every eye,
And wave your scarf to watchers from afar.

You use your lurid past quite shamelessly
For your own ends—to gain publicity;
You change your garb a dozen times a day
To keep the spotlight always turned your way;
You're temperamental, touchy and abrupt,
And when you lose the spotlight—you erupt!

JUST for a little diversion—not that it will do much good. In *Kaleidoscope* (Dallas):

NOW YOU ASK ONE

By Clyde J. Hunnicutt

Yes, something should be done about it now!
  We find this fellow everywhere we go.
We may not wish advice but, anyhow,
  We get details he thinks we ought to know:
Our Prohibition . . . will or will not do,
  And this depression . . . head shakes, gloomy frowns,
The Russian five-year plan . . . he knows that, too,
  With reasons for our world-wide ups and downs.

He has an endless fund of information
  On every subject underneath the sun;
From nowhere he collects a congregation
  And solves our age-old problems, one by one,
Now, with such brains, just why does no one heed him?
And, why must our Salvation Army feed him?

THAT inanimate things should persist beyond man's span irks Mr. Nichols, who contributes to *The London Mercury* "Six Songs from the Tragi-Comedy of Don Juan the Great," of which this is one:

SPADE SONG OF THE FIRST GRAVE-DIGGER

By Robert Nichols

When Adam tended Paradise
  He did not need a spade,
But when he got the sudden sack
  He had to learn a trade.
Since then the ash with iron shod
  Has blistered both his hands—
So spit and dig and dig and spit
  And praise a righteous God.

When Adam tended Paradise
  He thought to live right long,
But when the good God kicked him out
  He found he'd reckoned wrong.
Since then to live at all, poor knave,
  It's dig and spit and dig,
And scarcely have his hands grown hard
  Than he must dig his grave.

When Eden's bowers are sheathed in ice
  And Time begins to nod,
When the Last Man has dug the fill
  Of a departed god,
Beside the pit where he is laid
  Who cannot spit or dig,
Will stand to mock the lifeless stars
  The spade, the eternal spade!

A THEME that was Whittier's becomes something more than the homely picture he drew. This is in *The New Republic* (New York):

DRIVING HOME THE COWS

By Lizette Woodworth Reese

Slowly he drove the cows—
A forked stick thrust on high,
Across the York Road fields,
Against a mist of sky.

Caught in that airy gold,
His was a cloud's estate,
And he a far, strange thing,
A star, a potentate.

And there the clumsy kine,
Illumined every one,
Were golden creatures, fit
For stables of the sun.

And an unearthly bell,
Went on before them all,
And made a secret sound,
As though behind a wall.

Each house up the York Road,
Its panes in a yellow flare,
Was filled from end to end
As with a delicate air.

The women laid the cloth,
Brought out the plate, the cup,
Thick, mellow loaves, smooth curds;
It was the hour to sup.

They saw, long as they lived,
A picture, ancient and fine;
They saw the golden lad;
They saw the golden kine.

TWO night pieces that show an interesting contrast. The first from *The Poet's Forum* (Howe, Okla.), the second from *The Lyric* (Roanoke, Va.).

STAR THIEF

By Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni

Over the crest of rose and purple mist
I sail toward the dawn, singing a song, care-free,
My craft the crimson galleon of a cloud,
My sails the wind still fragrant of the sea.

Clutched in my hand I hold pale timid stars
That tremble as young birds within their nest,
While comets dart as rapiers through the sky
And heaven's thunder rumbles with unrest.

Out in the distance, where night rolled away,
Black arms reach out as greedy scimitars,
But I sail on undaunted, unafraid,
I who have stolen from the night her stars!

CONTEMPLATION

By John Hall Wheelock

These are the hours of darkness wont to bring
The sombre revelation, heaven betrays
Her very secret now—the starry maze,
The forest of the worlds, where death is king.
Behold the stately truth! Half worshipping,
Half doubtful, the poor spirit stands at gaze,
With her few, brief and lamentable days,
Under the silence of that shining thing.

O everlasting fires and thrones of light,
A greater than yourselves confronts you here;
I dwelt among you, you abide in me.
I go but, going, take into the night
That other heaven where you shone so clear
And lovelier than in reality.

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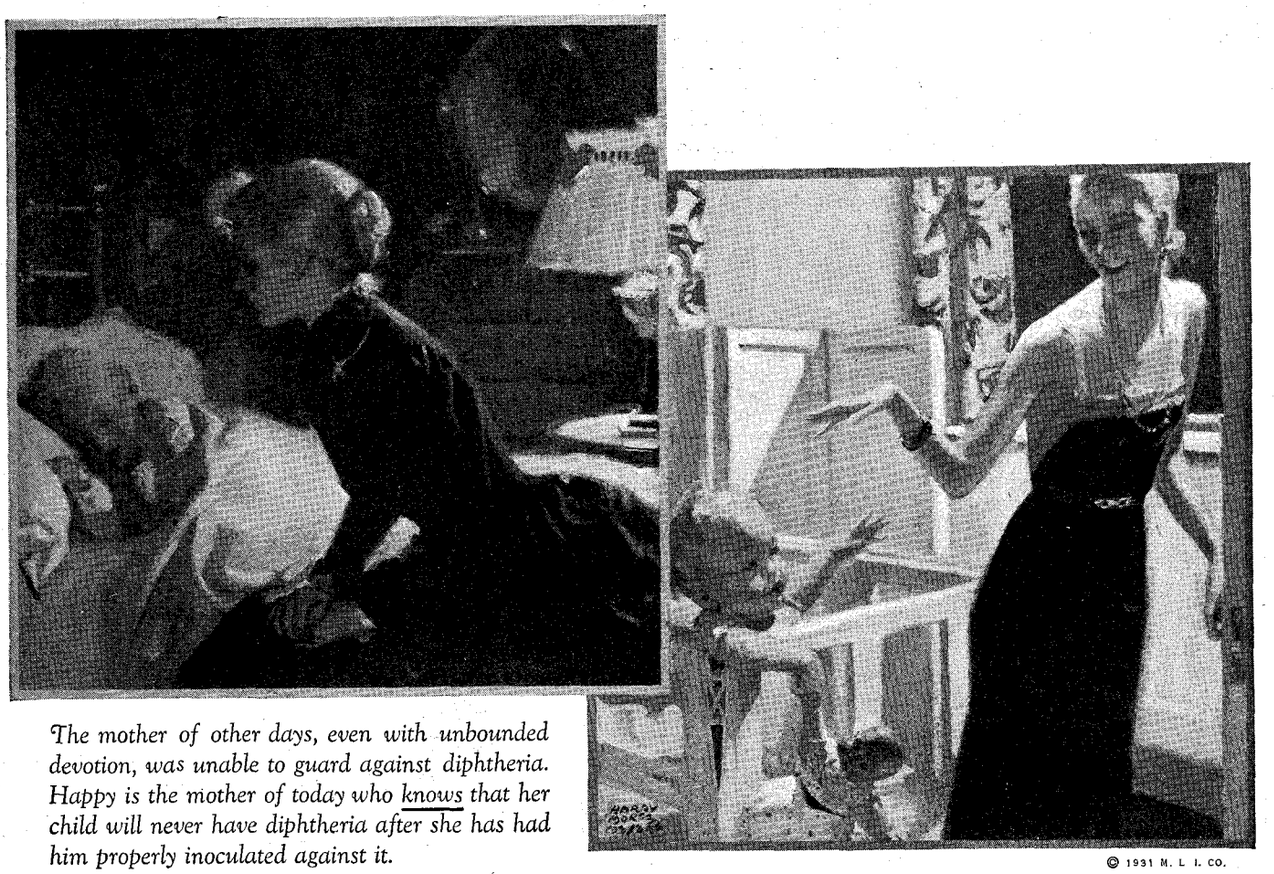
The Conquest of Diphtheria



The mother of other days, even with unbounded devotion, was unable to guard against diphtheria. Happy is the mother of today who knows that her child will never have diphtheria after she has had him properly inoculated against it.

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FORTY years ago in this country the annual deathrate from diphtheria was 115 out of every 100,000 persons. Last year fewer than six in every 100,000 died from this disease.

But while one may rejoice in the fact that the dreaded scourge of earlier days is now only one-twentieth as destructive as in years gone by, yet last year in this country there were nearly 7,000 deaths from diphtheria, practically all of which could have been prevented by timely inoculation of toxin-antitoxin or toxoid.

The complete conquest of diphtheria has been blocked year after year by misinformed though well-meaning objectors to inoculation.

Progress has been further hampered by easy-going, optimistic folk who refuse to consider the possibility of tragedy.

Science's sweeping conquest of diphtheria will not be complete until all parents have had their children safeguarded against diphtheria. This can be done by any reputable physician.

Every child should be inoculated, preferably when but a six months old baby, because more than half of all deaths from diphtheria occur among children between the ages of six months and five years.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail, free, its booklet "Diphtheria is Preventable." Address Booklet Department 1131-L.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT
ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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Washington as Soldier and Statesman

WASHINGTON WAS A SOLDIER before he was a man. At an early age, also, he gained a knowledge of men, of sociological conditions, that makes either political or military success possible—the kind of knowledge necessary for supremacy in statesmanship.

When he was nine years old, his favorite half-brother, Lawrence, came home from an inglorious expedition in South America, where England hoped to establish an indefinite increase of the ever-growing British colonies. Lawrence was full of brave stories of battle by land and sea, to all of which George lent the eager, attentive ear of youth. But why had England been defeated? Such splendid men, such an invincible army! Well, Lawrence was not overimprest with the ability of the British regulars to win victories. They had a way of rushing into a fight without counting the possible cost, the special obstacles to overcome. Daring enough, but lacking the genius of leadership.

So Lawrence reasoned. A true colonial, he believed in the efficiency of native American troops rather than the foreign soldiers sent overseas to do guard duty by England. Should a war break out, no one was calculated to give so fine an account of himself as his brother George. Before he had reached his twenties he was famous the country round for his fearlessness. His vital personality had brought him leadership among his fellows; his extraordinary grasp of practical affairs and problems was making him one worth consulting in the business of the province. At the age of nineteen he was appointed adjutant in one of the four military districts of Virginia. Two old veterans, one a Dutchman, the other a Virginian, comrades-in-arms of his brother Lawrence in the South American expedition, who had become fixtures at Mount Vernon, taught him what they knew of military routine, the use of the broadsword, fencing. It might not be much, but it served, as everything was made to serve, in Washington's education.

Patriotism, common sense, an ability to make use of every circumstance, every scrap of information that came his way; these were qualities that distinguished him at an early age and steadily developed throughout his career as soldier and statesman. No man among his contemporaries could have taken his place in either field. He had no rivals. There were giants in those days, but of Washington alone could it be said that he was transcendentally first in war, first in peace, a dual superiority rare in the history of great men.

PERSONALLY, he was extremely modest in the estimate of his own talents. He was not a politician. To lead the quiet life of a country gentleman, to administer a fine, lucrative estate seemed the summit of his ambition. He was the American Cincinnatus, always ready to obey his country's call, always the patriot. He filled high positions in the public service, on account of the insistence and the faith others had in him rather than through his own seeking. Even as a soldier he was a statesman, seeing always behind the manipulation of armies, the winning and losing of battles, the political effect, the bearing of a military campaign upon the welfare of the country as a whole.

Nevertheless, for all his innate statesmanship he was a fighter, a soldier, every inch of him. As a boy scarcely out of his 'teens, he set out on his first engagement at the cannon's mouth as if it were a glorious adventure awaiting him. After it was over he declared, "It was sweet to hear the bullets whistle."

He was incapable of fear. Many are the stories of his intrepid bearing in the face of danger. In one encounter he had several horses shot under him; bullets pierced his hat and coat; yet he remained as calm as tho he were riding about his duties on the farm at Mount Vernon. He not only showed no fear, he apparently did not understand it in others. Nothing aroused his devouring anger to such explosive force as the sight of his men, panic-stricken, beating a retreat. More than once, when the day was apparently lost and his men were scattering wildly before the enemy's fire, with a cry of rage he would lash them for their cowardice, upbraiding them in terms rarely found in the roughest military manuals, beating them back with the flat of his sword until he had them victoriously charging the enemy.

A lion on the battle-field, this Washington, driving his men forward, on occasion, through sheer terror of his wrath, and yet more often secure of their obedience as a result of their affectionate admiration of his character. Once, when the Army seemed incapable of advancing, without a word he rode forward, apparently intending to face the enemy alone. There was no more potent method he could have devised, for his troops, weary, exhausted as they were, wheeled about and followed him as he had commanded.

This ability to lead his men against overwhelming odds, to their death if need be, this fighting zest and indomitable bravery, had been Washington's from the beginning of his military career. Nevertheless, he was primarily the statesman, keenly aware of all that lay beyond the battles that must be fought, shrewdly cognizant of the country itself, its needs, its weaknesses.

Talleyrand said of him that he was a "patriot before his country became a nation." In point of time as well as in achievement, he was the Father of his Country. While the colonies were still living more or less contentedly under the growing exactions of England, Washington was one of the first to discover that the Mother Country, as it was called, looked upon the inhabitants of her transatlantic possessions not as Englishmen, but merely as Colonials, a word that carried a somewhat contemptuous meaning. He was amazed and indignant when he fathomed the invidious implications lurking behind this attitude, and it was not long before he openly gloried in being a colonial.

IT would be too much to say that he was the first to conceive American independence; but on his shoulders fell the task of making that independence real and lasting. And what a task it proved! He had not only to lead an army that was practically non-existent until he called it into being, but to draw after him thirteen colonies, each of which was torn by a divided allegiance, different in their origins, their activities, their interests, mutually distrustful, jealous of their separate sovereignties where they were not inclined to remain loyal to the British Government, none of them clear in their ideas of what ought to be done or how it should be done.

To bring harmony out of these conflicting elements in the thirteen colonies was not the only difficulty Washington had to face. There was besides an utterly inefficient Congressional government, rent by faction, that hampered his every move. Here again he showed his ability to bring order out of chaos, to procure for the Army what it needed to give it strength and unity. And only Washington could have done this. "Take away for an instant that modest diffidence of yourself," wrote Lafayette to him, on December 30, 1777. "You would see very plainly that if you were lost to America, there is nobody who could keep the Army and the revolution for six months. There

THIS is the fourth of a series of historical sketches relating to the NATIONAL SCHOOL ESSAY CONTEST conducted by THE LITERARY DIGEST in cooperation with the George Washington Bicentennial Commission. The article was written for THE DIGEST by Clifford Smyth, author of "Builders of America." It relates to Question Four:

Was Washington greater as a soldier or a statesman?

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are open dissensions in Congress, parties who hate one another as much as the common enemy."

Other great generals have described their exploits in terms that are certainly not lacking in complacency. Washington, the silent man of history, exprest himself in action rather than words at a time when men were too prone to talk. He had nothing to say at that momentous Second Continental Congress which was to decide the country's fate. Instead, he appeared among the members in full uniform, indicating that he believed the time had come for war; that the period for controversy had passed. His action proved more effective than a dozen orations. "If you speak of solid information and sound judgment, Colonel Washington is unquestionably the greatest man on the floor," Patrick Henry declared.

As a soldier, Washington seemed unable to admit defeat. When the fortunes of war were at low ebb, he remarked despondently, "The game is nearly up." Whereupon he crossed the Delaware at night, in midwinter, transported all his troops safely, and took Trenton before the British were fairly awake. No man knew better the value of strategy. One of his "Six Rules of Warfare" was, "Never do what the enemy want you to do," and he stuck to it.

His method of turning disaster into profit was particularly in evidence during that devastating winter of hunger and destitution at Valley Forge. When those miserable months of suffering were over, instead of marching out with the mere shadow of an Army, as Congress feared, the men that he commanded, due to the discipline and drill which they had undergone, were so well trained that for the first time the United States could boast of an Army capable of facing the regulars of England.

When the war was over and the formation of a new nation was placed unanimously upon his shoulders, Washington profited by his military experiences. If the country was to achieve the glorious destiny awaiting it, there must be an end, at least in the Government, of factional strife. Washington himself belonged to no political party; he chose as members of his Cabinet, therefore, leaders who voiced the opposing views that divided the country at large. Thus he stimulated into real life the national confidence that at first was lacking. There would be no more wars, no entangling foreign alliances. The country, like the Cincinnatus that led it, would be absorbed solely in the occupations of peace. The Constitution, under this practical, far-seeing First President, became a living fact.

"That we have it in our power," he said, "to become one of the most respectable nations upon earth, admits, in my humble opinion, of no doubt, if we would but pursue a wise, just, and liberal policy toward one another, and keep good faith with the rest of the world."

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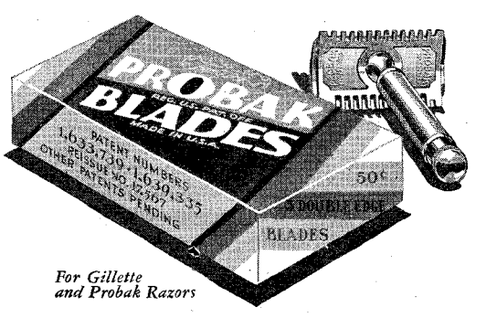

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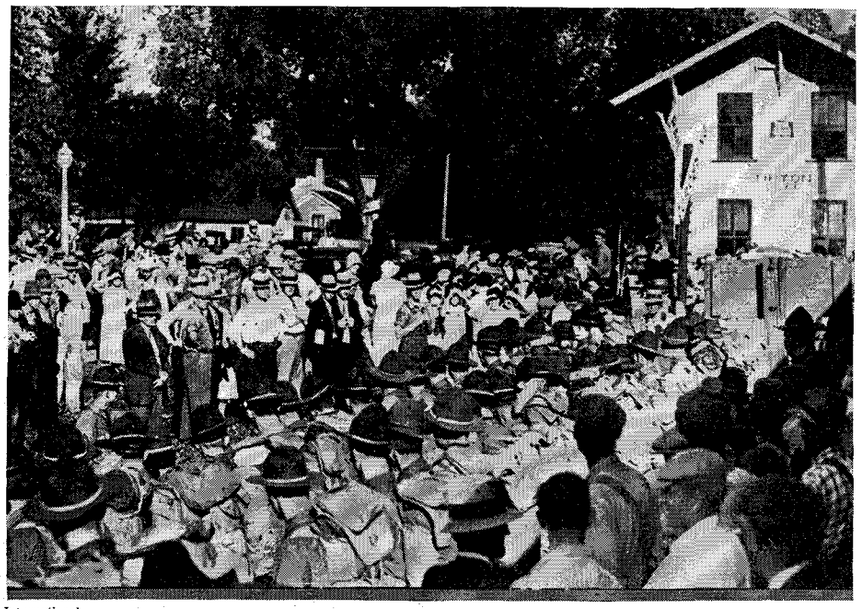
PERSONAL GLIMPSES

In the Trenches in Iowa's Great Cow War

THE EMBATTLED FARMERS, armed only with bitter tongues, faced the enemy. And it was Henry Connor who fired the verbal shot heard all round Iowa and a goodly share of the rest of the U. S. A.

"Shoot me, hang me, arrest me!" he said with his hands in the air. "I am just a farmer here, standing for my rights!"



International

"They Shall Not Pass!" Cried the Embattled Farmers

The Iowa National Guardsmen have detrained at Tipton, Cedar County, all ready for service in the great cow war. Townsmen and farmers are studying them moodily.

Meanwhile, twenty soldiers of the Iowa National Guard, with drawn bayonets and protected by a machine-gun, advanced steadily on the McKinnon farm and the McKinnon cows, all located in Baltimore township, Henry county, Iowa.

The soldiers were there to protect State veterinarians as they gave Iowa's compulsory bovine tuberculin test to the cattle owned by C. L. McKinnon, president of the farmers' protective association of Henry County.

The farmers were there to prevent it, or at least lodge a ringing protest.

IT was one of the tenser moments of Iowa's cow war, which has boiled over in Cedar and Henry counties, and into the rest of the State, attracting startled national attention.

Fifteen hundred militiamen were called into the field by the disturbances. Respectable and respected farmers were thrown into durance vile. A jail delivery occurred, a regular bastile storming on a small scale. Gov. Dan Turner of Iowa was disturbed in an important farm conference with President Hoover.

Returning to the warlike episode at the McKinnon farm, we read in a Mount Pleasant dispatch to the Des Moines *Tribune-Capital:*

In front of the soldiers walked Brig.-Gen. Park A. Findley and Deputy Sheriff Carl Froyd, deputized to aid the veterinarians.

As the soldiers approached the McKinnon home not a sound was heard from the group. With the command to halt the soldiers stopt, and General Findley and Froyd approached the crowd.

"I am a soldier here acting under orders from the Governor. Here is the sheriff of Henry County, I am asking you as man to man to disperse before it is necessary for me to take further action," Findley said.

There was no reply. The air was tense as Findley looked over the crowd and ordered the soldiers to advance.

As the National Guard walked into the crowd with drawn bayonets, some one shouted, "No fighting, men," and every one of the 150 men threw up their hands to show that they were unarmed. "All we want to do is to protect our rights," some one in the crowd said.

"Has martial law been declared?" Henry Connor, leader, asked.

And then and there he uttered the stirring words quoted at the outset of this story, inviting the soldiers to shoot or hang him, and adding, "I am just a farmer here, standing for my rights." He was arrested, we are told, and taken to the military camp at Mount Pleasant.

Another lively incident:

As the soldiers advanced a bulky farmer grabbed a bayonet and a guardsman pulled him away. "My God, shoot me, if you want to, but don't stick me with that thing," the farmer said.

With the arrest of the leaders, farmers scattered in little groups, still angry but realizing the hopelessness of resistance. General Findley and other officers passed from group to group and reasoned with the men.

Within an hour after the arrival of the guards at the McKinnon home, the cattle were tested and the veterinarians were on their way to another farm.

Meanwhile, hundreds of automobiles were headed toward the McKinnon home. These were stopt by the detachment of soldiers, but only word battles resulted. The machine-guns were trained on the crowd as a precautionary measure.

The only resistance was an attempt to stampede a mule team into the machine-gun. However, the mules refused to cooperate in the attempt, and when camera men arrived the animals were leisurely eating grass along the roadside.

THE cow war was not so serious a matter, of course, to many of the privates (buck and first class), corporals, and other members of the militia who were pulled temporarily from their peaceful pursuits for this more warlike service. They were

International

But Pass They Did; and Bossy Had Her "Shots"

A State veterinarian in conference with a farmer whose cows have been tested. Doughboys standing by as an escort.

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inclined to take their "barnyard detail" with gay wisecracks, according to *The Tribune-Capital.* Those who went from Des Moines to Cedar County entrained with drawn faces and red eyes, after a sleepless night of waiting. But, we read:

They had decided "it is gonna be a swell war; if it lasts long enough we'll all get fat on milk."

This was a hope they didn't put much stock in, however, for many believed, "it'll all be over in forty-eight hours. When those farmers see bayonets they'll fold up plenty quick."

One jocose private wanted to know "if there was a full cargo of corks. We gotta have corks to put on their pitchforks or the army'll be passing out a lotta new breeches." The medical detail of Troop B, 113th Cavalry, boasted it had a full quantity of needles, thread, and patches to care for the casualties of any pitchfork attack.

One warrior surveyed the back of a nattily uniformed lieutenant, and said, "I wonder if he won't wish he had worn overalls."

Hundreds of hands commanded service from a potato-chip vender walking along the outside of the train. "Give us a break," they cried. "We don't know how long it's going to be before we eat anything but butter and eggs."

A group of attractive young girls, probably college bound on a later train, were besieged with the entreaty, "Gee, girls, you oughta come along with us. You'd be plenty sweet milkmaids."

Brigadier-General Findley, commander, sent his aide, Lieut. C. B. Laird, scurrying down the platform to chase guardsmen in this conversation aboard the train. Their farewell waves to the girls was accompanied with a version of "Parleyvoo," which began, in not very good meter, "Oh, Mademoiselle from Tipton, Ioway."

THE history of the tuberculin-test law which precipitated the war has been a story of protests, objections, indignation meetings, lawsuits, injunctions, citations for contempt, and finally physical resistance to the testing of cattle for tuberculosis. Many farmers and farm organizations have opposed it, claiming that the tests injure and even kill the cattle.

A young man named Ronald Hart was allegedly among those who gathered at McKinnon's and jeered at the military. He was arrested and imprisoned in New London. But not for long. There followed this storming of the bastile, described in an Associated Press account:

A crowd of farmers gathered in the New London park and staged an impromptu parade to the jail, which is in the rear of the fire station.

There they clambered over the fire equipment in order to reach the cells. Finally firemen removed the equipment from the hall.

On their way out with Hart, they took Earl Brewer, New London marshal, for a few blocks and then released him, unharmed.

Troopers dispersed knots of people on the streets. When they sought to disband a group of school children, they met with laughter, but the episode ended in good humor, the guardsmen joining the children in laughing.

It's HIS JOB to dig up IDEAS

. . . Here he tells how he does it

EVERY once in a while some pipe smoker becomes so filled with the joy of pipe smoking that he just feels he has to write and tell us about it. And every once in a while one of these letters is so good we just have to print it so our friends can see it too.

The letter below from E. V. Willey of Tulsa, Oklahoma, to our advertising man is one of that kind:

Dear Sir:

"As one advertising man to another, I know the value of testimonials, especially if they come unsolicited. Right here I want to say that Edgeworth is a good tobacco; in fact, I think it's the best on the market.

"No one values a good smoke as much as the advertising man who must scratch his head and dig up ideas. It's mighty nice to be able to reach for the pipe and the blue tin of Edgeworth, fill the bowl, take a few puffs of your favorite tobacco and then go ahead.

"One day one of my friends on the golf links asked me for some tobacco. After he took a good puff of the Edgeworth I gave him he said, 'Say! You smoke good tobacco, don't you?'

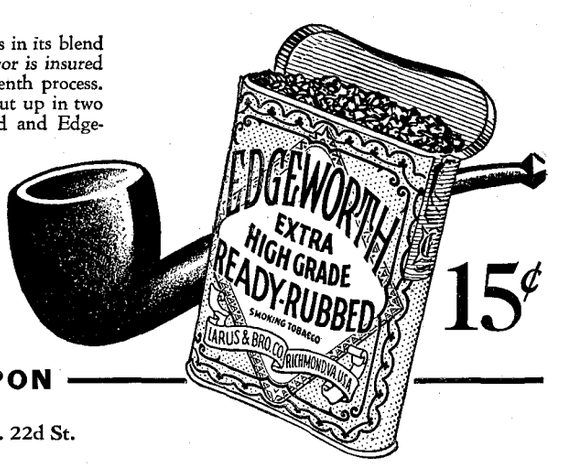
"I felt complimented and I know you will too."

We do feel complimented, Mr. Willey. And we're certainly happy that you took the time to write us such a nice letter.

Almost *every* man who tries Edgeworth likes this fine old smoke. Won't you consider this a personal invitation to try a tin of Edgeworth yourself? It has proved to be the real pleasure smoke for many, many others. Perhaps it will give you that same cooling, comforting solace which has won so many other men.

Edgeworth is at your dealer's. Or, if you wish to try before you buy, clip the coupon below for a special sample packet of Edgeworth, free. Larus & Bro. Co., 100 S. 22d St., Richmond, Virginia.

The secret of Edgeworth's flavor is in its blend of fine old burleys. Its natural savor is insured by a distinctive and exclusive eleventh process. For the pleasure of smokers it is put up in two forms: Edgeworth Ready Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice. Sold by dealers nearly everywhere. If your dealer will not supply you, send your order to the makers, Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Virginia. Pocket Size Tin, 15¢. Half-pound Tin, 75¢. Pound Humidor Tin, $1.50. Also packed in Vacuum Tins in pound and half-pound sizes.



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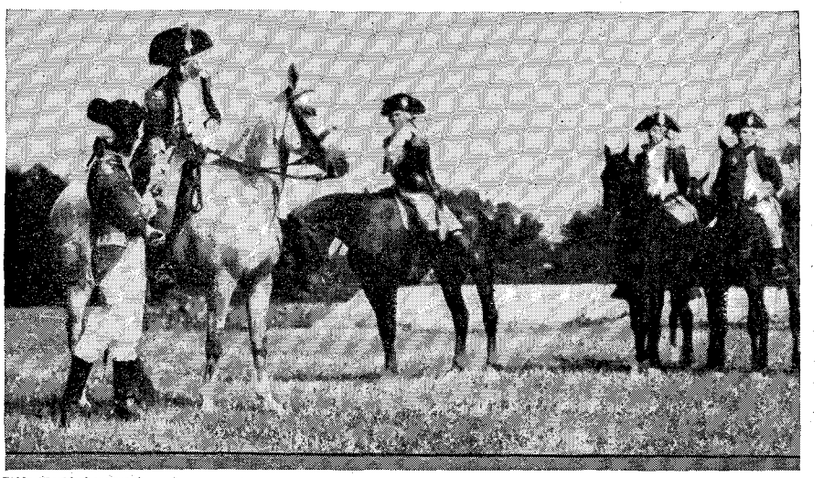
Yorktown as Washington Never Saw It

A PEDLER OF TOY BALLOONS distracted one of the twentieth-century knights in eighteenth-century garb as he tilted at red rings, trying to catch them on the end of his lance.

But otherwise there was nothing to mar Virginia's "historical, archeological, antiquarian, and patriotic orgy" at Yorktown.



Wide World photograph

Turning Time Back to the Birth of Our Nation

Here we see, as reenacted for the Sesquicentennial, General Lincoln of America accepting Lord Cornwallis's sword for General Washington from General O'Hara.

The field was "gaudy with bearskin and gold braid, wigs and pigtails, tall miters of the grenadiers, multicolored rosettes, faces propt up by high-neck stocks and prest down by shakos, white cross-belts, red pompons, black peaked hats with bristles, bottle-green Hessians, under lips harnessed tightly with leather hat straps; fringed shirts and powder horns of the Virginia militia, striped shirts of a detachment of De Grasse's sailors, blue, red, yellow, and white coats, white vests, buff vests and green vests," writes Alva Johnston in the New York *Herald Tribune*.

"Two of the French units even went in for lavender."

And to sustain them while they celebrated with pageant and oratory the sesquicentennial of America's final establishment of herself as an independent nation, there were, according to the United Press, twelve miles of frankfurters, 2,000 pounds of butter, 200,000 ham sandwiches, 24,000 broilers, 160,000 cups of coffee, 12,750 bowls of soup.

WHAT if General Cornwallis had had all this food, suggests a United Press writer, imprest by so much provender. How might the course of American history have been changed in such case!

Meanwhile, "across the greensward," we read as we turn to an Associated Press dispatch in the Washington *Post*, "swept the spirited fighting troops of Lafayette, Rochambeau, and De Grasse. And abreast charged the blue-and-buff-clad Continentals, whose descendants, in the words of Marshal Petain, 'wiped out the debt of gratitude which had been contracted at Yorktown' in their service on the fields of France more than a century later." It was the battle of Yorktown, the battle that in 1781 made the United States an independent nation, being fought all over again at a pageant in honor of its sesquicentennial. It was a celebration that drew Americans by the thousands. President Hoover attended. So did many descendants of those who participated in the original battle; the present Lord Cornwallis, kin of the British commander of 150 years ago, came to pay a graceful tribute to George Washington and the rest of the Americans who overcame his kinsman. And the two survivors of the Allied high command on the western front met again: General Pershing and Marshal Petain of France.

TWO ancient guns actually used in the original battle again were fired by the Continentals, all in dress uniforms, which seemed to indicate that couturiers and wigmakers ran the older wars. What the ancient field-pieces lacked in volume of sound was made up by modern off-stage artillery, according to a descriptive account by A. Judson Evans, who continues in the Richmond *Times Dispatch:*

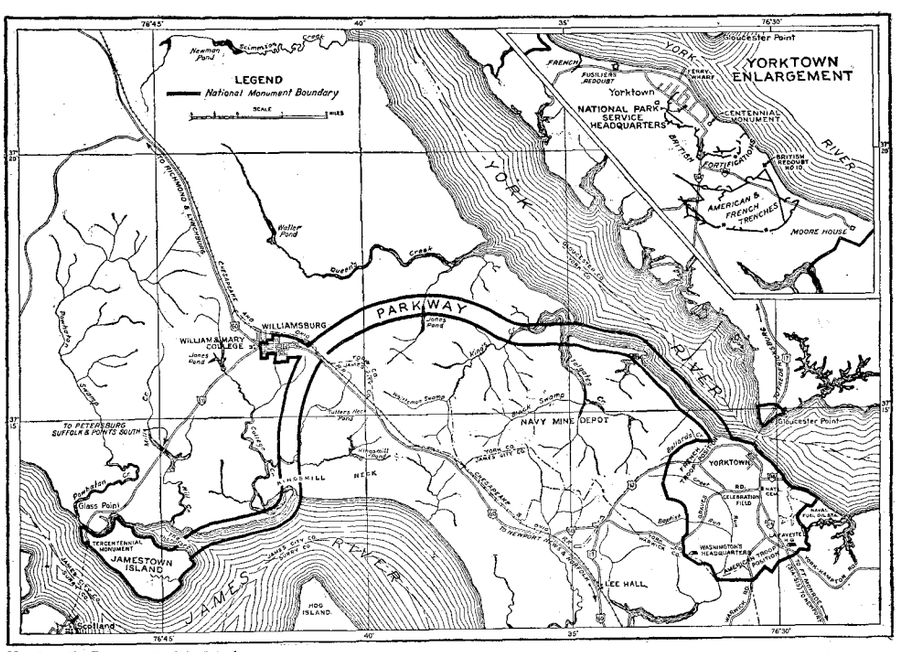
The pageant depicted scenes of the planning and execution of the Yorktown campaign. The radio amplifiers were faulty, and some of the finer nuances of the dialog were lost on the crowd. But the guns could be heard without trouble and the flash uniforms could be easily seen.

The costumers atoned in the battle pageant for what some have called an error in history.

Few of the Continentals, according to Dr. H. J. Eckenrode, Virginia historian who saw the storming of the redoubts, really had the blue coats, red facings, buff vests, stocks, black stockings, powdered hair, and such impedimenta.

Most of them wore their every-day clothes and used squirrel rifles in the Daniel Boone manner. But in the pageant every soldier was togged out well enough to attend the annual ball of the commanding officer.

The French had silken white-and-blue coats, and, like the



Map from the Department of the Interior

Colonial National Monument: A Park That Commemorates Independence

Jamestown, our first settlement, Williamsburg, where our government was further developed, and Yorktown, where we won national freedom, all joined by a parkway.

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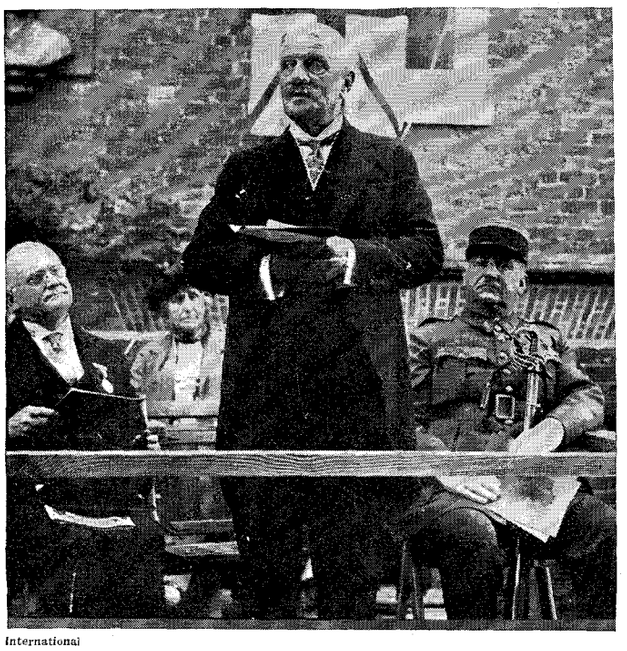
British, plenty of wigs and powdered hair.

The absence of wigs was a big social hazard to Washington's militiamen. Country lads at heart, the sturdy Continentals tried to powder their hair and atone for not having wigs. In the smoke of battle it all went very well, according to Dr. Eckenrode. To-day, however, when everybody was supplied with cotton hair the march up to the redoubts, in close formation, looked more like an Easter parade in Colonial Williamsburg than a serious war.

But as all the orators in silk hats have been saying thrice daily, it was not the battle but the significance of battle which counted. It ended the Colonial era. It founded the Republic. It even made lively pageant.



International

A Cornwallis Comes Back to Yorktown

But this time as an honored guest. The present Lord Cornwallis, descendant of Washington's adversary, speaking at the celebration.

But there was more to the four-day celebration at Yorktown than the reacting of a famous battle. There was also the dedication of the Colonial National Monument.

This monument is not the creation in bronze or marble of a sculptor. Rather it is a living reminder of Colonial times—three sites famous in our history established as parks and connected by a parkway. These three places are Yorktown, Williamsburg, and Jamestown Island.

The purpose of the monument, we read in a bulletin from the Department of the Interior, "is to depict to the people of the United States the Colonial history of America, from its beginning at Jamestown in 1607 through its momentous development at Williamsburg, to its culmination at Yorktown in 1781." Reading on:

The Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities owns and manages the northern tip of Jamestown Island, on which was centered the official and religious life of the early Colony. The National Park Service administers a strip of land including the Tercentennial Monument and the wharf. The rest (and bulk) of the island remains in private ownership. The Colonial part of the city of Williamsburg is being restored by Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., acting through the Williamsburg Holding Corporation. In Yorktown most of the older buildings are privately owned, but are opened to the public at a small charge. The old customhouse is held by the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Descendants of Admiral Count de Grasse, the Marquises de Rochambeau and de Lafayette, Baron Steuben and Lord Cornwallis, and collateral descendants of Washington "were among the spectators in scenes by land and water in which their ancestors had participated," Alva Johnston writes in the New York *Herald Tribune*. Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, Mrs. William Howard Taft, and Mrs. T. J. Preston, the widow of Grover Cleveland, were among the guests. Further:

A crowd of 15,000 watched the thirteen historical pageants, each retelling a great event from the history of each of the colonies, and listened to speeches or messages from the Governors of the thirteen States.

Cornwallis, once the dreaded "Hannibal of the South," was treated as an ally, rather than an enemy. A tablet was dedicated in his honor and accepted by his descendant, Lord Cornwallis, who said: "This could not have happened except in a generous country."

The actors in the pageant were regular soldiers who have been trained for weeks in the British and American tactics of the period. The Americans were drilled in accordance with Baron Steuben's manual. On both sides they fought standing, firing by platoons in perfect volleys. There was a demonstration of cold steel as it was handled in those days in the bayonet charges on the redoubts.

But the observance was not all war marches, counter-marches, and battles. There was a sports program, too, of which Mr. Johnston tells us:

The most brilliant of the sports was the tourney, a genuine survival of the age of chivalry, which was practised in these parts in Colonial days, and is an all-year-round sport here to-day. Twenty-seven riders, gorgeous in flowered silks, lace and velvet, took part in the tournament, which is a lineal and legitimate descendant of that described by Scott in "Ivanhoe."

The riders tilt with lances ten feet long at small red rings. Leveling their lances three times at the rings, which hang from wooden arms at the side of the course, they charged past the stands filled with lovely Colonial dames. The first rings

★

Which way shall I turn?

The furnace is choked with clinkers, a tire is flat, or it's too late to shop around.

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Use the Classified Telephone Directory *every day*—not only when in trouble, but also to help you with the every-day chores that come up regularly. Let it show you the way to a hairdresser, a gift shop—or any other service or store.

And when you want a specific article or service, look for the particular advertised brand, indexed either by name or type of product. There you will find the names, addresses and telephone numbers of the authorized local dealers.

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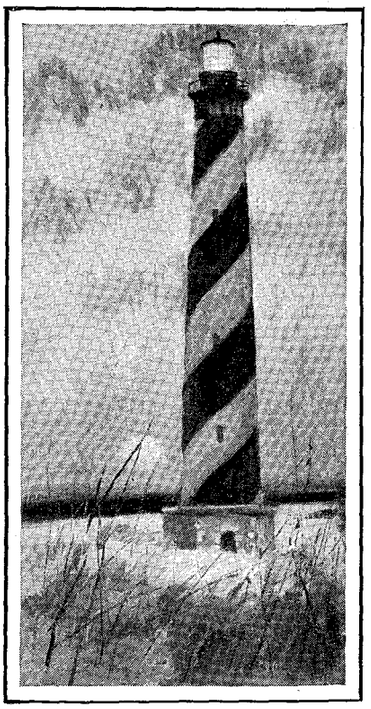

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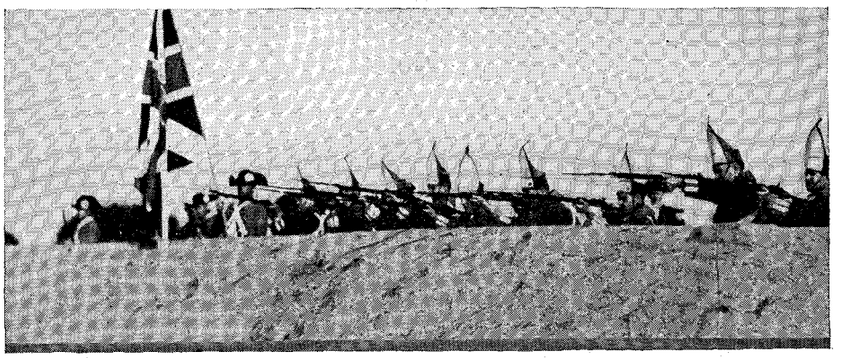
used are an inch and a half in diameter. These are gradually reduced in size until those used in the final courses are slightly larger than a wedding-ring. The rider has to cover the seventy-two-yard course in six seconds, or he is disqualified.

Standing up in his stirrups, with his right eye close to the point of the lance, he spears at the rings as he passes by. There are three rings to the course, set at intervals of thirty yards. Several times a shout went up as a rider pierced all three, and trotted up to the judges' stand to exhibit all three on the point of his lance.

The action started when from the distance came the tune of "The World Turned Upside Down," which was waggishly selected by the British as the music of the surrender march. One of the terms of surrender, protested by the British as a harsh one, denied the vanquished the right to play a French or American air, but allowed them to play a British or German one. That was a time when the etiquette of capitulation had an importance which has since disappeared.

The American and French troops formed in two lines, each about 400 yards long,



Wide World photograph

Where the Redcoats Made a Gallant Stand for Britain

The defense of a redoubt at Yorktown by the troops of George III—as the visitors to the Sesquicentennial saw it.

In recent years they have done their tilting in plain clothes. To-day, however, the ponies carried the orchidaceous males of the early seventeenth century, shimmering in watered silks and brocades, or in robin's-egg blue, scarlet, green and burgundy velvets. One of the tricks was that of keeping the monstrous white wig and cocked hat in place during the fierce ride down the lists.

Tourney riders, it proved, have temperament. One of them excused himself for missing a ring on the ground that a man selling toy balloons had entered his range of vision at a distance of nearly 300 yards and he saw a cluster of colored rings instead of the one. Other riders complained of the same phenomenon, and a herald was sent scampering out to keep balloon pedlers from upsetting the knights.

One of the knights was allowed to run the course over again because one of the base varlets, who replaced the captured rings, had failed in his duty. Carter Cowles, Jr., of Cowlesville, Virginia, rode a horse which was all too spirited. It refused to stop after running the length of the tiltyards, jumped the fence, and scattered the crowd of spectators.

THE climax of the pageantry came on the last day of the Sesquicentennial, when President Hoover spoke, and with 70,000 other spectators saw the surrender of Cornwallis reproduced. That historic scene was revived, according to still another of Mr. Johnston's dispatches to *The Herald Tribune*, "as if a series of fine old prints, forty acres in size and full of strenuous contrasts in the primary colors, had come to life for the afternoon. The preposterous old uniforms, which were designed at a time when the purpose of the uniform was to dazzle and overawe the enemy, were magnified against the faded grass on the old battle-field." And we are told further:

for the British, Hessians, and Anspachers to pass through.

Rigid, incredibly correct in their postures, the soldiers were exactly as the old painters and wood engravers made them in their sumptuous history pieces. The uniforms of the Colonials had been carefully weather-beaten to the exact hues in the old representations of the war-worn Colonial troops. The French were fresh and resplendent in the military fashion show, and most of the British had elected to surrender in uniforms worn for the first time.

George Washington, out of a Stuart canvas, appeared on the noblest of white horses. About him was his staff, just stept out of any illustrated book of American history.

The lines of the allies were afire with gleaming steel, glittering braid, helmets, and polished equipment. Through field-glasses stern faces were visible glaring under towers of bearskin, through lip straps and over the choking stocks.

As the strains of "The World Turned Upside Down," that musical stroke of wit, came more strongly through the trees in the background, the British officers appeared at the head of their column.

Cornwallis being sick in his tent, General O'Hara proffered his commander's sword to Rochambeau, who indicated that it should be received by Washington. That strict observer of punctilio, however, would not receive the weapon from a hand less than that of Cornwallis.

Washington signaled to General Lincoln, who accepted the token of surrender.

The bewigged and red-coated British soldiers started on their march past the faded blue Colonial and past the miscellaneous French units on whom no color or expense had been spared. No unit reflected greater credit on their tailors than the French cavalry, with blue body coats, yellow cuffs, yellow tights, low black top boots, high white leggings, yellow hanging jackets, swords, and black shakos.

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS

Honoring Coach Stagg by Licking His Team

THEY said it with touch-downs, and bands, and speeches, and brilliant passing by Albie Booth, the irresistible half-pint from New Haven, and a blanket resplendent with a C and forty stars, for forty years of service.

Yale and Chicago had met to play a game in honor of the grand old man of the midway—Coach Amos Alonzo Stagg, who learned his football at Yale in the class of '88, and has been teaching it at Chicago for forty years.

International

Forty Years on the Gridiron—and Every Year a Star

It was a glorious day that saw this testimonial gridiron conflict, its attendant ceremonies, and the realization of Stagg's ambition to see his alma mater playing on his field. The only fly in the ointment was the fact that all of the four touch-downs in the 27-0 score were made by Yale.

THE Bulldog, according to Harvey Woodruff in the Chicago *Tribune*, "convinced Western alumni among the 35,000 persons present at Stagg Field that football at New Haven has not entirely disintegrated since the days of a certain eminent alumnus of 1888. They also convinced that alumnus and all others of the crowd as they defeated Chicago's Maroons, 27 to 0, in a game which was beginning to resemble a rout in its final stages."

That Yale should make its first Mid-Western trip for the purpose of playing Chicago was appropriate for more reasons than the fact that the name "Stagg" is written high and bright in the annals of each university. Yale furnished Chicago with its first president, William Rainey Harper, with its first and present coach, Stagg, with its present president, Robert Maynard Hutchins. And President Angell of Yale was once on the Chicago faculty. Such has been the close friendship between the two institutions ever since Chicago's founding.

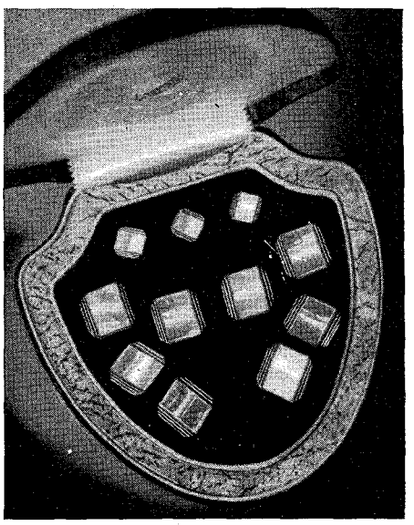
"Yale, with its eleven, its band, and its notables," put on an attractive show, Mr. Woodruff continues in *The Tribune:*

Those Bulldogs were just slow enough in showing their teeth to rouse interest, even hope, by Maroons for a close contest.

Then Capt. Albie Booth, who had not started the game, was trotted forth at a psychological time, and participated in the play with all his versatility until the issue was determined against an at first stubborn, then waning, Maroon defense. In the final period, when Yale rushed over two of its four touch-downs, Blue second stringers were entering the contest in clusters. So numerous were they, there were suspicions that bandsmen had donned moleskins.

Previously, however, had occurred the festivities, the pageantry, the amenities between opposite rooting sections appropriate to the contest marking the first appearance of a Yale eleven in the Central States. Except out on the gridiron, when the young men had respect for physical rather than social proprieties, all was just what such an occasion should bring forth.

Between halves Yale's band, as guests, were first to take the field. Clad in blue with white soft hats, their leader in white trousers and bare-headed, the bandmen marched from their seats in front of the Yale east stands directly across the gridiron to the Maroon cheering section



To be socially correct, studs, links and cuff links *must match, whether in Tuxedo Sets or Dress Sets*

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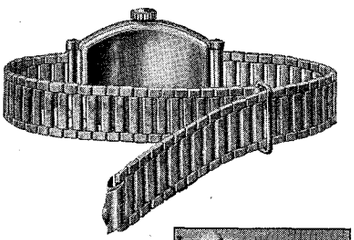

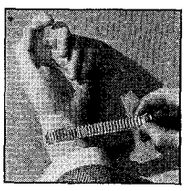

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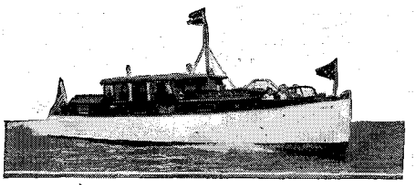

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KWK	—St. Louis	10:15 C.S. Time
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WDAY	—Fargo	10:15 C.S. Time
KFYR	—Bismarck	10:15 C.S. Time
KFAB	—Lincoln, Neb.	10:15 C.S. Time

to the strain of "Raise the Flag for Old Chicago."

THEN, their instruments silent, they gave a series of rahs for Amos Alonzo Stagg, in honor of whose fortieth year at the Midway, Yale's eleven, band and alumni were present, relates Mr. Woodruff, adding:

With this courtesy performed, Yale's young men of band activity reversed their march and formed a huge "Y" in front of their own admirers.

Then Chicago's band, in maroon jackets and white trousers, returned the visit while rendering a Yale air, and forming the letters "Y-A-L-E" as they faced the Eastern sympathizers; then back to their own section as they formed a "C."

As the bands left the field two hundred former Maroon athletes, known as "C" men, clambered from their special section and gathered on the turf at the side-lines where stood Andy Wyant, captain of the University of Chicago eleven of 1892, the first Maroon. Speaking in behalf of these "C" men he presented Stagg with a snow-white blanket with a maroon "C" in its center and the sides bordered with forty maroon stars, one for each year of service.

COACH STAGG, whom Yale honored with this "precedent - shattering football argosy to the corn-belt," has been identified with Chicago University athletics from the beginning, George Trevor reminds us in the New York *Sun*, continuing:

He is the one and only football coach Chicago has had.

Far from shunning the forward pass, he incorporated it into his prewar attacks, and employed it as a supplementary weapon in the 1921-1924 era, when Chicago packed so much power that it was really safer to rush the ball.

Stagg, who originated the unbalanced line when he twinned his tackles back in 1902, is likewise the father of the shift. Jess Harper, a Chicago quarter-back, absorbed Stagg's ideas and introduced some of them at Notre Dame when he became head coach of the Irish. Since Knute Rockne was Harper's pupil, it follows that certain elements of the Notre Dame system trace back to Stagg. Rockne was careful to give Stagg due credit.

And the United Press in a Chicago dispatch supplies these statistics:

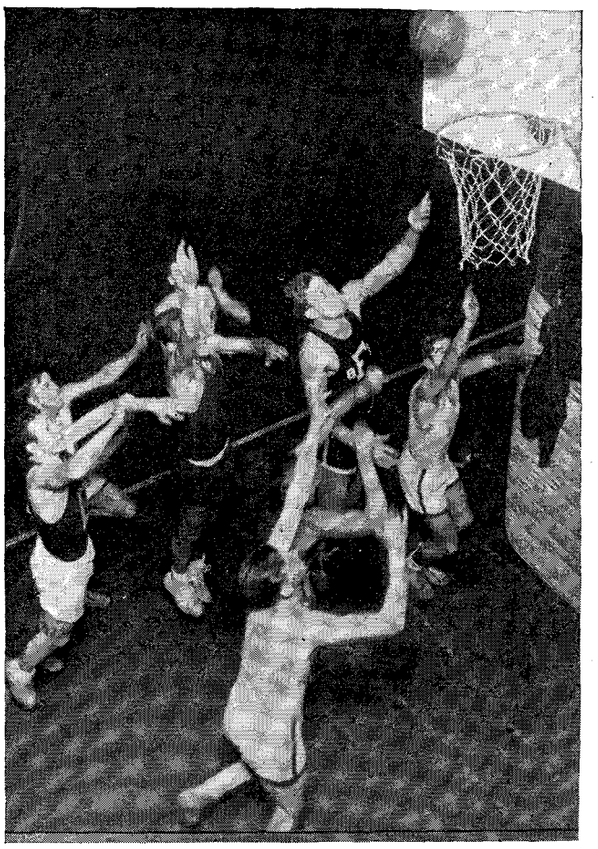
Since 1892, when Stagg became football coach and athletic director at Chicago, his football teams have won 251 games, lost 100, and played twenty-six ties.

Stagg was a great football coach when the late Knute Rockne was only three years old, and had not yet migrated from Norway.

Basket-ball's Bottomless Net Holds a Great Popular Vote

CLOTHES don't make the basket-ball player.

And the boys from Carr Creek, Kentucky, "splendid specimens of a long line of unmixed American ancestry," knew it.



Acme

Full of Zip Alike for Players and Lookers-on

And its graceful, aspiring movements are pleasing to sculptors.

So they weren't embarrassed when they went to Lexington for the State tournament, even tho they had no regulation basket-ball uniforms.

Out on the floor they went, wearing the same overalls they had worn while working in the fields, and playing their favorite game at home. And in spite of their unconventional raiment, they swept through the tournament sensationally.

The basket-ball fans of Lexington looked on and marveled, and when the Carr Creek team was ready to go to the national tournament in Chicago, they presented the boys with uniforms, Sol Metzger tells us in *The Country Gentleman.*

AT Chicago the Carr Creek boys defeated "many notable, rigidly coached teams before the superior playing and height of the Vienna, Georgia, team overcame them. Yet these boys had virtually taught themselves the game."

At Heath, another team, which became the Kentucky State champion, "lacked even a playing floor in its home community, and because the field in which

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they practised was too rough for dribbling, learned to conquer opponents by using a passing game exclusively."

Mr. Metzger cites these instances as examples of basket-ball's universal appeal, and in support of his thesis: that the court-game is becoming our national sport.

FOR this he cites a number of reasons in his *Country Gentleman* article:

To begin with, fewer players are required than in any other popular team game. This gives the small school with its limited material and funds for equipment a chance.

Second, basket-ball enjoys both a simple technique and a simple method of scoring. This makes it easy to master and to watch.

Third, the high tension at which the game is played grips contestant and spectator alike. There are no lulls, no huddles; the ball is always in motion, and the proximity of the spectators to the court assures a clear and constant view of the action.

Fourth, basket-ball can be, and usually is, staged indoors. This permits contests during the winter under any condition of weather. No game need ever be "called on account of rain."

Finally, it offers at the one time opportunity for splendid individual technique and for perfection in team play. Mingle those ingredients with the high speed demanded, make a contest of the result, and you have all the thrills that humans may seek from any sport packed into sensational and dramatic form.

CONSOLIDATED figures gathered from all over America and many other parts of the world tell a convincing story of how strongly these reasons operate. Pursuing Mr. Metzger's account:

After a recent study, I was informed the Intercollegiate Conference learned that 90 per cent. of the approximately 16,000 four-year high schools and senior and junior colleges in the country maintain inter-institutional basket-ball teams. Computing twenty men in each of these 14,400 squads, it was estimated that no less than 228,000 youths participate in the game in those institutions. Then there are the intramural games, in which the ratio of players is figured at more than three to one, bringing the total of players in such schools to a rough million.

This ignores, of course, the twenty million children in public schools other than senior high schools, a great many of whom also play. That is why such institutions as the University of Missouri, which draws its large student body from the rural communities, will tell you, as will most land-grant colleges, that among entering freshmen they have yet to find a normal boy who has not played this game.

So much for the schools. There are still other teams and other leagues. Officials to whom I talked estimated the number of youths playing the game under Y. M. C. A. auspices at approximately 100,000, and the numbers in industrial, religious, and welfare organizations, the American Legion, the Boy Scouts and similar groups at 200,000 and more. That, of course, is in the United States alone. Dr. James Naismith, originator of the sport, and honorary chairman of the Joint Basket-ball Committee, estimates that 18,000,000 persons all over the world play it.

If it's food I eat it now
..thanks to TUMS

LIFE is worth living again for Russ Jones. People used to kid him because he seemed to eat nothing but spinach and invalid dishes. But now, he enjoys his favorite foods without fear of indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn, gas or acidity. He simply carries in his pocket a roll of the new candy-like, antacid mints—Tums. No afternoons or evenings are spoiled for him now on account of upset stomach. He gets real enjoyment from his meals because he can eat his favorite foods without fear of distressing after-effects.

Almost everyone (about 7 out of every 10 Americans) suffers frequent indigestion. Hasty eating, wrong food combinations and nervous strain are common causes. Many people say they cannot eat the very foods they like best—such as hot biscuits, mince pie, coffee—dressing and gravy—onions and radishes—cabbage—cucumbers—without getting a sour, burning sensation or a nauseating gassy fullness. Excessive smoking very often causes the same troubles.

But now there is automatic, pleasant, almost instant relief. When some favorite food distresses you, simply eat three or four Tums after meals—often one is enough. You'll like Tums. They are so much more agreeable, safe and handy than old-fashioned disagreeable preparations. Carry a roll in pocket or purse. Get a roll at any drug store—only 10c.

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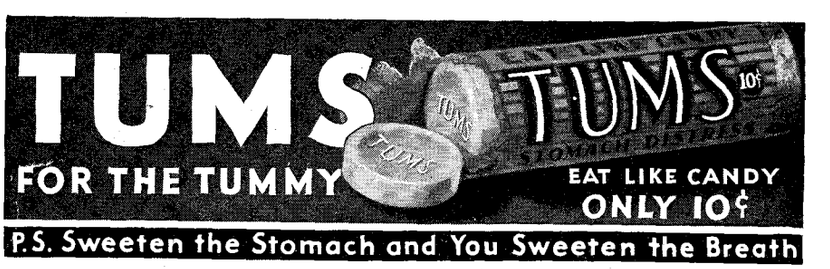

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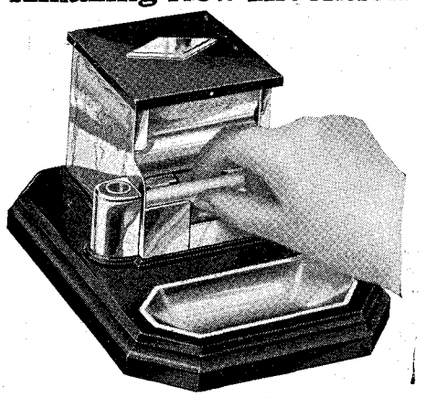
Amazing New Invention



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It was carried broadcast by Y. M. C. A. secretaries, missionaries, and the American Army.

NEXT it is interesting to break up these general figures to make them tell in more detail the stories of smaller sections. A decade ago, says Mr. Metzger, "while I was coaching the University of South Carolina football team, our department of physical education made a survey of athletics in the high schools of this State, 90 per cent. of which are in rural communities." Here are the results, which Mr. Metzger says, amazed him:

Like every other coach and follower of the game, I had expected to see football far in the lead in popularity. If not football, then baseball. But I was wrong.

Approximately 79 per cent. of the public schools boasted varsity basket-ball teams, while only 48 per cent. had football elevens. The country boys of that predominantly agricultural State not only preferred this game, but played it with extraordinary skill.

A few years later I traveled by automobile through the great Middle West. Then I realized that, in basket-ball, America had a new national sport whose popularity surpasses that of any other game.

Hailing the "Bluenose" and the Unlucky Lipton of the Fishing Fleet

HER Majesty, Queen *Bluenose*, still reigns supreme on the North Atlantic, and, perhaps, she will reign there forever. The possibility is in the offing that she will not be challenged again, that that picturesque sports institution, the fishermen's race off Halifax, may not be sailed again.

Altho the *Bluenose* won handily in two straight races this year, there were moments when the determined Gloucestermen seriously threatened her throne and crown. Sailing the *Gertrude L. Thebaud*, captained first by Ben Pine and then by John Matheson, they made two gallant, worthy races.

The American entry against the sturdy salt banker, *Bluenose*, had plenty of sympathy, because of her many sporting attempts to carry off the North Atlantic Fisherman's Trophy. Captain Pine's decade-long, persistent quest of this trophy makes him worthy to be called the Lipton of the fishing fleet.

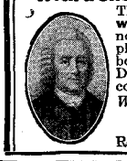
The men of Halifax honored a stout opponent, and gave the Gloucestermen a burst of applause, according to a Halifax dispatch from James Robbins to the New York *Times*.

Many of the Canadians, we read, "express their regret that the *Thebaud* had not won one race. It was about agreed that the wood for the spars of a vessel that could beat the *Bluenose* is still in a tree." Continuing:

Right at the start of the second race, of which the *Thebaud* got the better, there were thrills enough to excite the backwoods people who came down from the hills just to see the ships.

The *Bluenose* had her bow half a length

"Heaven and Hell"
With a sketch of Swedenborg's life



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ahead, but the *Thebaud* nosed up to weather of her by a little more than inches and, taking the wind from her, went by her. It was a clever start on Captain Matheson's part.

Instead of engaging in a rocky shore luffing match, as they did yesterday under the same conditions, both skippers went about the business of getting out to sea.

In this the *Bluenose* blew along faster for a time, and went out ahead. Then the *Thebaud* moved up. It was first one and then the other in front.

LATER in the race, Mr. Robbins tells us:

It was their mainsails, winged-out foresails and scandalized staysails that were drawing. Their jumbos were lifeless forward, and their headsails, covered as they were, lay like a so-much-a-pound wet-wash out for an airing.

Each time the *Bluenose* moved into a lead which it appeared she would keep, the *Thebaud* spurted along. Just before the lightship was reached, the *Thebaud* poked her jib and bobstay ahead. Quickly, however, the Canadian boat nosed out again. They jibed around the lightship, with a burst of sunlight in their sails, twenty-five seconds apart, the *Bluenose's* canvas and rigging first taking the lunging-over strain.

It was a close haul of seven miles from there to the outer automatic buoy. The *Bluenose* pointed higher, and heeled more with less ballast in proportion to her larger size. That was where she won the race. They had to tack to reach the buoy, which the *Bluenose* rounded fifteen minutes before the *Thebaud*.

THE North Atlantic Fisherman's Trophy, "which has been kicking around dusty attics in Halifax for eleven years, is here to stay a while longer, and it may be here for good," hazards William H. Taylor in a Halifax dispatch to the New York *Herald Tribune:*

Capt. Ben Pine, who didn't go out in his vessel to-day, was on the fence as to whether he would make another try for the prize. First he said he wouldn't, and then he said he might.

It will mean building a new vessel, if they do come after the trophy again. *Thebaud*, even if she were at her very best, isn't fast enough to beat *Bluenose* if *Bluenose* is also right, as she is now. A good big vessel can beat a good little vessel, and she did.

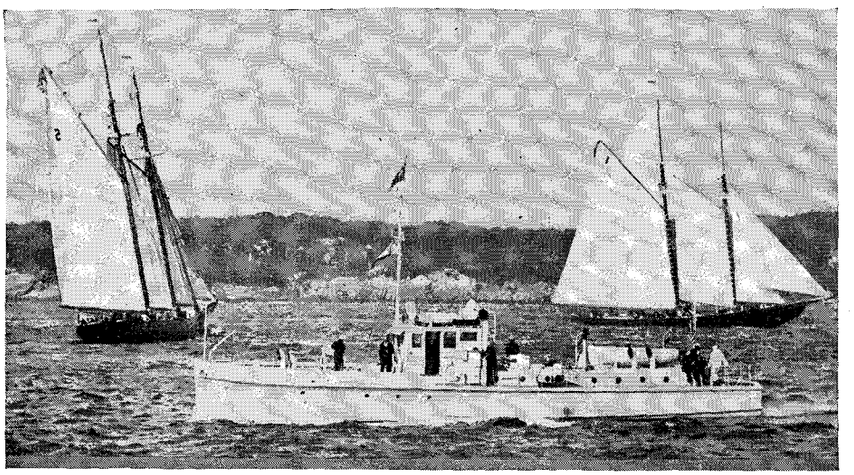
Bluenose will beat any vessel they send up that is as much smaller, in length, tonnage, and sail area as is *Thebaud*, unless somebody invents an entirely new type of fishing schooner. If they want to beat the Lunenburger, they will have to send up a vessel of *Bluenose's* size, and a fast one at that. There are no such vessels fishing out of Gloucester now, and, the fishing business being what it is, it is doubtful if such a vessel could be made to pay in Gloucester.

The Lunenburgers are mostly salt fishermen, and can use such schooners to advantage on their long trips, but Gloucester is mainly interested in fresh fish, and vessels as big as *Bluenose* don't pay dividends fresh fishing. Furthermore the Gloucester fleet, except for a few old vessels, is strictly a power fishing fleet, and the old sailing schooners are gone, as a commercial proposition.

They are still fishing under sail in Lunenburg, but even here power is creeping in, and in a few years, most of the fishermen predict, the schooners will be carrying big engines and short sail. So, if another racing fishing schooner is built to follow the many that have tried to beat *Bluenose*, it will be purely a sporting proposition, with little chance of a return from fishing on the money invested.

AND when Captain Walter received his trophy as victor in the race, Captain Pine was presented with one, too, "in recognition of the sportsmanship which has made him a leading figure in racing in the fishing fleet," according to Mr. Taylor.

And there's a final Lipton touch!



International

Jockeying for a Start—"Bluenose" at the Right

Cupboard Love.—"Did you sell your vote?" inquired one man of another as they were standing in front of the polling place on election day.

"No, siree! I voted for that feller 'cause I liked him."

"Ah, gwan!" said the other. "I heard he gave you ten dollars."

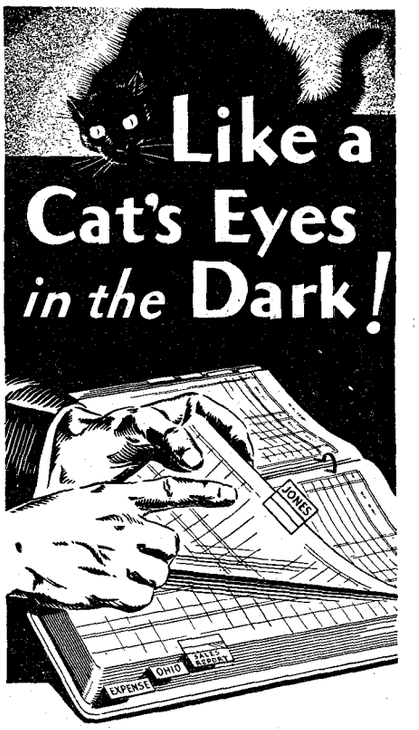
"Well, when a man gives you ten dollars, 'tain't no mor'n natural to like him, is it?"—*The Christian Advocate.*

Gold-Digging Sex.—"Why don't you like girls?"

"They're too biased."

"Biased?"

"Yes—bias this, and bias that, until I'm broke."—*Trumbull Cheer.*



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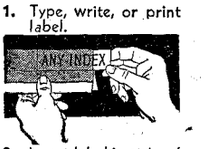

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

Why France Keeps Prosperous

HOW IS IT THAT FRANCE manages to keep so prosperous in the midst of a gloomy world?

That is a question many have been asking.

Among the questioners was a representative of the United Press, who put his query to no less an authority than M. Pierre Laval, Premier of France. The French statesman's answer is particularly interesting, in view of his recent arrival on our shores. His answer, notes *Barron's Weekly*, is arranged under six heads, each one "enough by itself to assure him of a warm welcome" by at least one section of the "mobilized statesmen" who are meeting him in Washington. The New York weekly sums up Mr. Laval's answers to the reporter's questions with an interjected comment of its own on the impression each point is likely to make here:

1. France has remained predominantly agricultural. (Cheers from the farm bloc—or blocs.)
2. France has practised sensible protectionism. (Applause spreading from Texas to mid-Indiana for the "sensible" and from that point to the rock-bound coast of Maine for the "protectionism.")
3. France has exercised careful control of emigration and has "repatriated" 4,000,000 foreigners since world depression began. (Approving nods from persons in all parts of the crowd whose faces also indicate a trace of bewilderment.)
4. Courageous wielding of the economy ax by M. Poincaré in 1926. (Murmurs all through the assemblage: "Yes, 1926 was the time to economize. 'Cal' Coolidge was a spendthrift.")
5. Maintenance of an armed force sufficient to oblige respect for frontiers and neighbors, assuring safety to Frenchmen and creating a sense of public confidence. (Flags are waved by a delegation from the Navy League, and countless statesmen are observed to glance with undaunted mien in the direction of Canada, Mexico, and Nicaragua.)
6. Sound financing and careful control of investment markets and foreign loans. (The crowd here faces toward Wall Street and frowns as one man.)

AFTER stating the six bases of French prosperity, Mr. Laval, according to a United Press dispatch quoted in the New York *Sun*, went on to say that France had her worst time in 1926, when francs went down to a two-cent level. Then Poincaré, recalled to office with semidictatorial powers, balanced the budgets by cutting expenses and creating new taxes, so that two years later he was able to stabilize the franc. As Mr. Laval's remarks are paraphrased in *The Sun:*

The great mass of French peasants holds the national fortune. The great proportion of savings is in their hands, and the traditional *bas de laine* (woolen sock) is filled to overflowing, awaiting a chance to participate in some foreign investment which has the approval of the Government.

Only five years after her worst financial year, France has reestablished her wealth so solidly that she has lent 16,000,000,000 francs to her neighbors, and is receiving interest of from 3¾ to 7½ per cent. on the loans. Railroad earnings are reported to be in excess of those for 1930.

Unemployment totals less than 300,000. Tho France has no real "dole," such as exists in England and Germany, some 54,000 totally unemployed are receiving about 40 cents a day from municipal and national funds.

There is an advantage in the domination of agriculture over industry, it is explained, since a drop in the exports of manufactured goods this year has been more than balanced by changes in agriculture. That is, according to the explanation in the United Press dispatch:

Beets for sugar and alcohol, wheat, corn, and alfalfa have been planted where many vines were torn up in an effort to end the overproduction of wine.

This change of crops will be continued gradually until France will become self-supporting in wheat and other grains, and the great annual overproduction of wine, which is glutting the markets, will disappear.

Our Erratic Bond Market

WE EXPECT MILD FLUCTUATIONS on the stock market, but of late the fluctuations on the generally stable bond market have been "little short of bewildering," as one observer puts it.

For instance, here is a bond of one of our biggest railroad systems which has been quoted as high as 99⅝ and as low as 55 during the present year.

The first-mortgage bond of a leading rubber company ranged between 92½ and 75.

A first-mortgage Light and Power bond vacillated between 91½ and 68.

Fluctuations of foreign bonds have been even more startling. Indeed, says the writer of a market letter of the stock exchange house of Goodbody & Company, "there has been nothing in recent years to compare with the rapid changes that have taken place in both foreign and domestic bonds recently." As we read:

The suspension of the gold standard by Great Britain was the immediate signal for heavy selling of various European bonds, particularly Scandinavian issues; and within a short time, an issue such as Swedish 5½s, which has been regarded as a high-grade investment, declined from a price above par as recently as September 21 to a low price of 68 on September 28, with a subsequent rally to above 90 on October 5, when it was realized that a change in the gold standard did not mean immediate bankruptcy.

Since that time, however, there has been an irregular movement in foreign bonds, with the Scandinavian issues recovering for the most part, but with continued weakness in German obligations, due to the fear of unfavorable action on foreign debts if the Hitlerites should come into power. This has caused weakening in bonds of other countries closely tied up with the future of Germany, such as France, Italy, and Belgium.

Japanese obligations have been under pressure since the most recent crisis in the Far East has developed, but have apparently met with better support than most other foreign bonds when there has been unfavorable news.

South American obligations have almost all sunk to record low prices.

Four countries, whose bonds are listed on the New York stock exchange, have now declared complete moratoriums; viz., Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, and Peru. Apparently, in each case the prices have now discounted this, and there have been some rallies in Brazilian and Chilean bonds. With the Chileans, the reassuring factor was the election of a conservative, Dr. Montero, as President, on a platform which recognizes foreign debts and indicates the intention to pay when it is possible to do so.

However, the South American situation remains acute because of the diminishing gold supply and the continued low prices for the commodities which are the chief sources of income for all the countries on that continent. It is only by the most stringent financial measures that the three remaining countries whose bonds are listed on the New York stock exchange—Argentine, Colombia, and Uruguay—have been able to continue payments.

How much longer they will continue to pay is difficult to state at this time. There have been rumors of a moratorium in Colombia, and defaults on at least some obligations of subdivisions in these countries would not be at all surprizing.

In view of the uncertainties still prevailing in the foreign field, we feel that the best opportunities with the clearest defined risks are among domestic obligations.

The liquidation which was coming from banks became acute early this month—and was the immediate cause of the formation of the National Credit Corporation—resulting in a decline in high-grade domestic bonds which brought them to a level where investment yields are more attractive than any available previously this year. Moreover, among second-grade bonds there are now many opportunities to buy bonds yielding 8 to 10 per cent., where the companies are actually earning their interest charges even in a period of depression like the present.

THIS writer has plenty of company among financial commentators when he ventures the cheerful conclusion that—

When the National Credit Corporation gets in operation, it will be a stabilizing influence, as the pressure from banks all over the country to liquidate bonds will probably let up to some extent. This stability of price will help more than anything else to restore confidence in the bond market.

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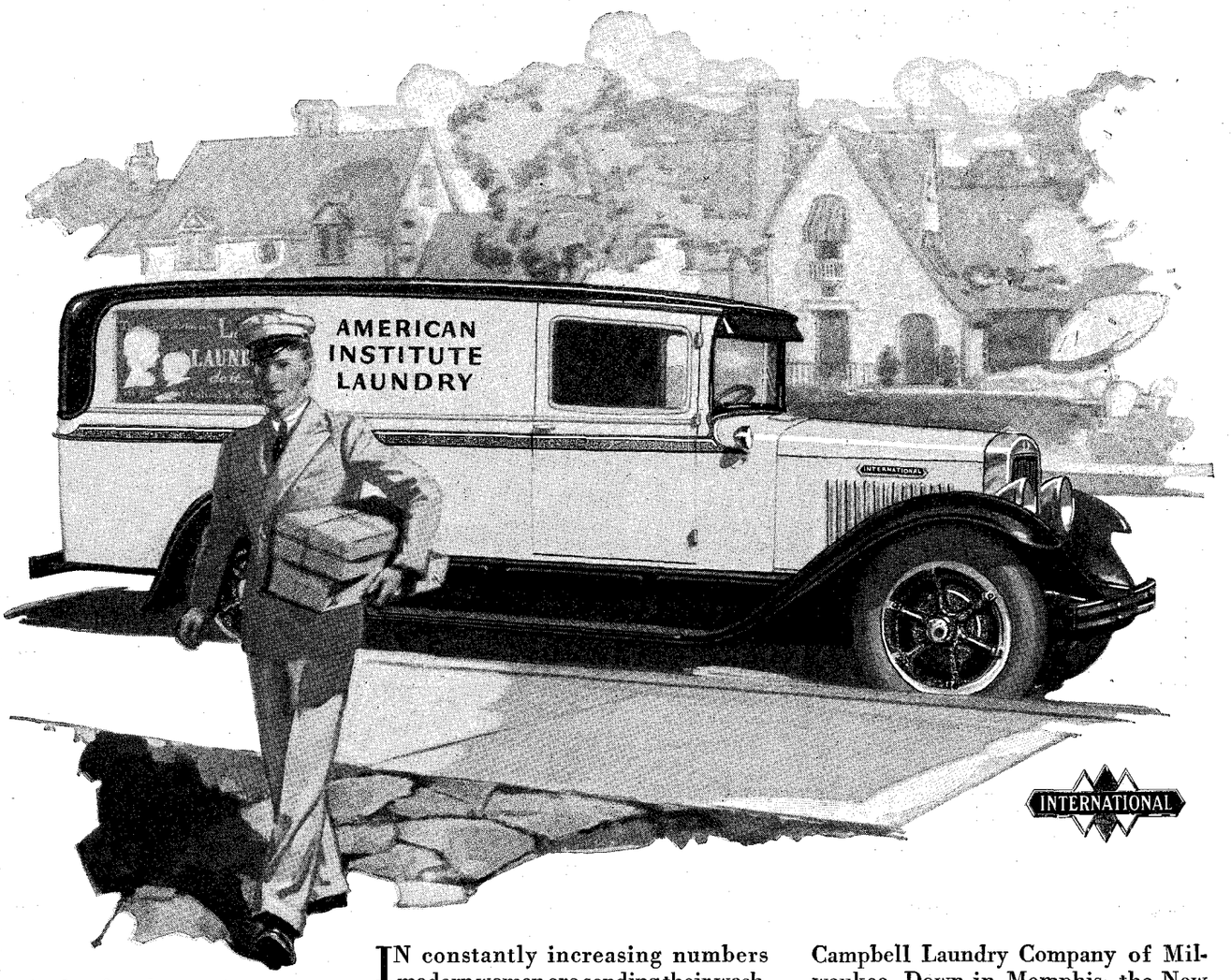

Modern laundry practice is constantly being improved by the educational, research, and service work of the American Institute of Laundering, "the million-dollar proving ground of the laundry industry." The International truck illustrated is in service at the Institute headquarters at Joliet, Illinois.

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And then . . . there is the matter of upkeep cost! An average of $9.65 was enough to take care of all service requirements for a year, on each of 12 International Trucks operated by The Campbell Laundry Company of Milwaukee. Down in Memphis, the New Snow Flake Laundry had to spend only something under $12 for all maintenance work on each of 8 trucks during the sixth year of operation. New York's Consolidated Laundries use 55 Internationals; Chicago has 28 large fleets, in addition to the many trucks operated by the smaller laundries; nearly one hundred are working for Atlanta Laundries, Incorporated; and there is even a large laundry fleet of Internationals operating among the palms in Honolulu.

You don't have to be in the laundry business to profit by International operation. Whether you build roads or run a bakery, you can make good use of International appearance, performance, and economy!

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Our Unbalanced World

"THE POPULAR DELUSION that a nation does not have to balance its payments" is "the fundamental clue to the world problem" of how to recover from the depression.

"The work of reconstruction might proceed," writes Walter Lippmann in a copyrighted article in the New York *Herald Tribune*, "if the general public here could be made to understand a basic truth which they persistently ignore."

"It is that nations, as well as governments, corporations, and individual householders have to balance their payments."

And then Mr. Lippmann proceeds with a lucid explanation:

Let us begin with a concrete illustration: that of England.

Each year for the last seven years England has bought from foreigners more goods than she has sold to foreigners. In round figures the difference was about 1,800 million dollars each year. England has had, of course, to find these 1,800 millions somewhere. Where did she find them? Up to 1929 she got about 1,400 out of 1,800 millions from dividends and interest on her foreign investments made before the war. She got another 600 million or so from her shipping. These in-payments took care of her out-payments with, say, 200 million to spare. These extra funds plus another 300 millions which came into England out of insurance commissions and interest on short loans, she lent abroad. England managed to pay her bills only because she had inherited a large income from investments.

Then came the depression: it cut down what England could sell abroad much more than it cut down what England bought from abroad. At the same time it cut down the return on her investments and her shipping, etc. In 1930, the first full year of the depression, England's bill for goods was a little larger than in the last year of prosperity, but her income was smaller by 400 million dollars. By 1931 her bill for out-payments was still about as large as ever, but her income had been reduced still more. How could England as a nation pay her bills? She couldn't. And that is why she had to go off the gold standard and is now paying her bills, apart from special debts, in depreciated money at about 80 cents on the dollar.

MR. LIPPMANN then asks us to "look at our own national balance sheet in the last full year of prosperity, 1928"—

We sold about 850 million dollars more goods abroad than we bought. We also had coming to us that year about 200 millions on the war debts, and about 600 millions net returns on our foreign investments. How did our foreign customers and debtors get those 1,650 millions to pay us? They got 660 millions from the tourists. They got 220 millions from immigrants here who sent money home. That covered about half what they owed us. Where did they get the rest of it? They got it out of the 970 millions which we loaned to them that year.

In other words, the only way we were able to sell so much more than we bought was by lending the outside world the money to make up the difference.

The same analysis applied to Germany will show that she has paid reparations and for her excess of imports out of money we and others lent her.

Now, what does all this mean? It means that even before the depression the three greatest industrial nations in the world were leading a crazy economic existence. The British were living on their inheritance. The Germans were piling up debts to pay their debts. We were piling up loans to pay ourselves.

How did we come to do these things? We drifted into them by adopting national economic policies which have thrown all three national economic systems out of balance. The Germans were saddled with the reparations debt. The British were hemmed in on all sides by tariff walls. And we set ourselves the impossible task of collecting the money for our surplus exports and the money on the war debts and the money on our foreign investments while we raised a prohibitive tariff. Other governments did equally unworkable things, and the combination of all of them has produced not a mere cyclical depression but a radical dislocation of the economic structure of the whole world.

And so the writer concludes:

It is difficult for individuals to learn that they must either balance their expenditures or get into trouble. It is even more difficult for governments to learn it, as the fiscal history of States teaches us. But, difficult as the idea is, it is now indispensable that we should grasp it. For it provides the fundamental clue to the world problem, and we ignore it at our peril.

War Methods to Find Jobs for All

OUT OF THE VAST RESERVOIR of public work, jobs can be provided for all our unemployed.

An addition of little more than twice the country's annual budget of public-works construction would give work to five million men at an expenditure of $1,500 per man for labor and materials.

This we are told by *The Engineering News-Record*, which, in appealing for jobs for the unemployed, instead of charity, declares that "in a very real sense we are again at war—fighting to overcome the menacing effects of economic break-down, and win back for all the people the opportunity for self-support"—

"If so, let war-time methods be applied purposefully, by overcoming idleness rather than by compromising with it."

But before detailing this publication's plan for meeting the emergency by public construction, we might point out what the Federal Government is doing to provide jobs through such projects. President Hoover puts at 100,000 the number of men who will be employed by January 1, and the total of authorized construction jobs, as of August 31, is $496,584,192.

One hundred thousand jobs may not seem impressive when one considers that the army of unemployed is commonly estimated at more than 6,000,000. But then, Federal construction "is only a tenth of the country's annual public-works budget," says *The Engineering News-Record*, pointing out that the great bulk of the emergency construction would come from the States and local communities. "The outcome," it declares, "is sure if the fight is prest intelligently and unitedly"—

Private business has proved powerless to maintain the workers at their jobs. The great resource of public work remains.

Is this resource sufficient?

There are those who say that the great volume of public works required to meet the emergency does not exist, and that therefore we must resign ourselves to the charity plan. They disregard the facts.

Construction needs exist in prodigious volume. The country's annual budget of public-works construction approaches three and a half billion dollars. An addition of little more than twice this amount will give work to five million men at an expenditure of $1,500 per man for labor and materials.

Less will do, in fact. Large numbers are engaged behind the lines: the supply, housing, and service workers, whose employment results from that of the direct producers; construction payrolls need not provide for these. It is quite likely that mere doubling of the volume of public-works construction for a year would provide a job for every seeker.

Let us make the picture specific.

Road work alone could take care of the entire unemployment emergency, were no other source of work at hand. More than two million miles of road in the United States still want improvement from the dirt-road stage. Reasonable modernization of but half or a third of that mileage within a year would enlist the service of every unemployed worker. Tools might prove short at the start, but they could be provided.

But such intensive use of a single resource is not necessary. Many roads are remote, and the unemployed have gathered largely in the cities. They can find as much work close at home.

Cities can make available a vast total of urgent work—street widening and paving, modernization of public buildings, sewer and water improvements. If nothing more were done than to render decently habitable the notoriously unfit institutional buildings throughout the land, it would absorb a large contingent of the idle.

In brief, the volume of needed public works is ample to provide the employment by which the emergency can be met in full.

ADMITTEDLY, the difficulties are great, and "financing is probably the greatest," but "is easily accomplished through the superior ability of the Federal Government to market bonds." "No one who recalls what was done in 1917 and 1918 in carrying out in a few months a vast building and equipment program and putting the country to work for national purpose will have any doubt of our present powers." And *The Engineering News-Record* concludes:

A national emergency lies ahead, but a national spirit and united purpose can carry us through by work in place of charity.

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How Cheap Coal Helps Business

WITH low prices encouraging buying, anything that helps the manufacturers to produce at low cost promotes business activity.

And right here the bituminous coal industry is contributing notably, says George Brolin in the Chicago *Journal of Commerce*. Nowadays, he explains, "large industrial concerns are buying coal at prices at the mines below any figure in the last twenty years in many cases."

Indeed, people don't realize that industrial coal is ridiculously cheap. Some of the finest coal mined in this country, it seems, is now being sold at a price per ton which is less than the retail cost of a pound of butter. And there are grades of coal available at a price per ton "only a few cents more than a loaf of bread." Mr. Brolin proceeds to call attention to the fact that—

West Virginia low volatile slack—the product principally absorbed by the steel and coke industries—can be bought in the open market at times at 25 cents a ton. Eastern Kentucky and West Virginia high volatile slack—the steam coal taken up by public utilities and many manufacturing plants—is offered frequently at 50 cents a ton.

Western Kentucky screenings—a high volatile coal competing to some extent with the eastern product and in direct competition with screenings from the Illinois and Indiana mines—is selling at 15 cents a ton f. o. b. the mines. The freight rate to Chicago on the coal is $2.30 a ton. The manufacturing plant buying the coal is therefore paying the producer 15 cents a ton for the coal and paying the railroads $2.30 a ton for hauling it to Chicago.

On the eastern coal the freight rate to Chicago on the low volatile product is $3.29 a ton. On the high volatile coal it is $3.09 a ton. The price of 25 cents a ton on the former and 50 cents a ton on the latter does not give the shippers much to cheer about, since prices on the larger sizes are by no means compensatory.

Prices on the larger sizes, or the domestic coals, are also deprest. These are down anywhere from 25 cents to $1 below a year ago, and are also at the lowest level in years.

It is the steam coals, however, that really are cheap. And it must be remembered that an average of 50 per cent. of the production of a mine is the steam coals—the slack or the screenings.

THE trouble with many producers is that they hold the coal at the mines as long as they can, until finally "the accumulation reaches a point where it must be moved; such dumps bring whatever the buyer will pay." There are certain low grades of coal being sold at Illinois and Indiana mines at 35 cents a ton, the delivery price in Chicago ranging from $1.85 to $2.30 a ton.

These prices, remarks Mr. Brolin, "leave a ghastly return to the producers, but they materially help industries in selling to the public at the prevailing low prices, for coal is a big item in the manufacturers' cost of production."

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION—(*Continued*)

Strange Cycles in Animal Life

INCREASE AND DECREASE IN THE NUMBERS of wild animals at regular intervals occupied the attention of the recent Canadian Biological Conference at Mamatak River, Province of Quebec.

Every nine or ten years a great increase of these animals appears suddenly, then just as suddenly there is a crashing decrease, and they die by the million.

Trees, fish, farm crops, financial prosperity, and panics also have similar cycles, tho not of the same length.

What causes these swings of nature's pendulum is a mystery.

As reported by Louis Carrier, special correspondent of the New York *Times*, eminent American naturalists took part in the discussion, and the cycles of animal increase and decrease were reported over vast continental areas.

The chief cycle appears to be one of about nine years, altho some animals show a four-year cycle.

Attempts to connect these phenomena with the eleven-and-one-half-year sun-spot cycle seem to have been abandoned, Mr. Carrier notes. The strange influence that causes wild life thus to wax and wane remains a puzzle. We read:

"Fluctuations of all sizes and sorts were discust; not only irregular fluctuations but cycles with lengths ranging from thirty months to 260 years or more.

"Such fluctuations occur in trees, insects, fish of the sea, fish of the rivers, game birds, birds of prey, mice, rabbits, and a dozen different fur-bearing animals that prey upon their smaller neighbors. They also occur in bacteria and other parasites which cause epidemics among animals and sweep them away by the millions.

"Reproduction, diseases and deaths among human beings also came in for discussion. Agricultural fluctuations and even financial panics were not neglected. A number of solar, lunar, and meteorological cycles were suggested as causes of the cycles in plants, animals, and man.

"Somewhat to the surprize of the conference, the main discussion did not center around the well-known sun-spot cycle of eleven years, but around shorter cycles of four years, and especially nine or ten. The four-year cycle was described by Dr. A. O. Gross of Bowdoin College as being well shown by the migration of the snowy owl into New England. Charles Elton of Oxford University describes the same cycle in far northern mice, lemmings, and ptarmigan, and also in the Arctic fox and snowy owl, which feed upon lesser types of animals.

"Similar cycles in Britain were cited and also in Norway where lemming migrations have been known for hundreds of years. Dr. William Rowan, of the University of Alberta, has found a four-year cycle in Western mice and shrews.

"The regular course of events seems to be that the mice, lemmings, and ptarmigan increase enormously in numbers for a season or two. Foxes, owls, and other creatures are thus provided with abundant food. They, too, increase so fast that the number of skins brought in to the Hudson's Bay Company may be many times as great at one phase of the cycle as at another.

"Then there comes a change so sudden that the term 'crash' was applied to it. The rodents and game birds begin to die by the thousand or million. Some of them, such as the lemming, migrate long distances only to meet death in some other region. The creatures that have been feeding upon them soon become hungry. They, too, begin to die or else migrate to even greater distances.

"A similar cycle of increase and sudden decrease was described by Dr. Aldo Leopold of Wisconsin, as occurring among the red grouse of Scotland, but there the period is six years instead of four."

THE most remarkable feature of the conference, says Dr. Ellsworth Huntington, whose report of the discussion is followed by Mr. Carrier, was the amount of evidence as to a cycle of nine or ten years. Dr. Leopold described such a cycle among the grouse and rabbits of Wisconsin and neighboring Lake States. Grouse which live in the central and most favorable habitats apparently do not suffer violent fluctuations in numbers. The sufferers are those on the edges, which happen to be the parts less densely populated by man. To quote further:

"The extraordinary thing about all this is not merely that many different animals show the same periodicity, but that the same period occurs in the far northwest of Canada and all the way south into the United States. The increase or decrease in the animal population appears to begin in the Far North and to work its way southward and eastward, reaching southeastern Canada after three years or so.

"Still more astonishing are the results of Dr. A. G. Huntsman of the University of Toronto, who found indications that the salmon come and go in periods of 9.6 years.

"Still another type of evidence of the ten-year cycle was contributed by Dr. Huntington himself. His measurements of the annual rings of growth in the giant Sequoias of California showed variations in rate of growth recurring in about ten years.

"Thus once in ten years, or a little less, something seems to happen which causes an increase and then a decrease in the vital activities of both plants and animals all over North America.

"Dr. Ralph E. DeLury of the Dominion Observatory at Ottawa, presented a number of curves indicating an eleven-year cycle in tree growth, agricultural production, the value of fish, and abundance of animals. It was thought, however, that much of the evidence advanced in support of eleven- or twelve-year cycles fitted equally closely into a cycle of nine to ten years.

"Dr. DeLury pointed out that the cycle of 9.5 years is but little longer than the lunar cycle of 8.85 years, and almost exactly half of another lunar cycle of 18.6 years. These two cycles of tidal activity may influence climate by stirring up ocean waters, allowing cold water to come to the surface, and thus influencing atmospheric pressure and storms.

"More significant was Dr. Huntington's chart showing a distinct cycle of droughts and of agricultural productivity in the United States, with a period of 18.6 years when measured by the five cycles between 1837 and 1930. During the same time there have been six financial panics separated by five average periods of 18.4 years. The panics go with the agricultural depressions, but may precede or follow them."

THE causes of the cycles in animals seem to be divided into three groups, according to Dr. Huntington. The biological group includes food supply, reproduction, parasitic insects and diseases, especially those of bacterial origin. The meteorological group covers climatic conditions such as temperature, humidity, etc. The astronomical group is formed of extraterrestrial influences. Furthermore:

"There can be no doubt that migrations of animals and variations in their numbers are often due to food supply. A clear-cut example is the migration of snowy owls when the supply of mice runs short after a period of great abundance.

"It was also made clear that sea animals wander about in huge numbers in response to variations in their food supply. One of the most interesting of such wanderings is the migration of sperm whales, described by Dr. Charles Townsend, of the New York Aquarium.

"The fish of the sea apparently are affected by different influences and in different manner from land animals, as shown by Dr. Harry M. Kyle of Hamburg and Glasgow. Their numbers may vary enormously, but a year in which fishermen do not catch a normal quantity of fish does not necessarily mean that there are fewer fish than usual in the sea. The ocean is so huge that the best food supply or the best spawning grounds may lead the fish to concentrate in parts of the ocean where there is commonly little fishing.

"Emphasis is also given to the influence of parasitic worms and insects which infest most forms of animals as well as plants. Dr. Eldmann believes that the growth of trees is influenced quite as much by insects as by the climatic factors of temperature and rainfall. Curiously, the insects themselves are closely dependent upon these same climatic factors. Thus the rate of tree growth is the composite effect of climate upon the tree itself, plus its effect upon the insects.

"Dr. R. G. Green of the University of Minnesota showed the part played by bacteria and disease in controlling animal numbers. He demonstrated that the 'crash' in the last rabbit cycle in Minnesota was clearly due to a high virulence of tularemia, or rabbit fever."

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Toes Out.—Then, on the other hand, a bachelor's life is just one undarned thing after another.—*Boston Transcript.*

Comes High Sometimes.—"I've got a yen for you."

"How much is that in American money?"—*Ohio State Sun Dial.*

Something Else Again.—LANDLADY—"So Mr. Newboard has found something fresh to complain about this morning."

MAID—"No, mum, it's the eggs."—*Boston Transcript.*

Force of Habit.—"Fill her up," said the absent-minded motorist to the waiter, as he parked himself in the restaurant with his sweetie.—*Lamplighter.*

No Rough Stuff.—Our dear Emily Post has nothing special to say on the etiquette of eating corn off the cob; the main thing, she tells us, is to "attack it with as little ferocity as possible."—*Boston Transcript.*

Different Clan.—The foreman looked the applicant for work up and down.

"Are you a mechanic?" he asked.

"No, sorr," was the answer, "oi'm a McCarthy."—*U. P. Magazine.*

Big Chief, Many Scalps.—ADMIRER—"What a charming necklace."

FILM STAR—"Yes, isn't it adorable? Made entirely of my wedding rings."—*Punch (London).*

Hitting the Nail on the Head.—ANXIOUS MOTHER—"And is my boy really trying?"

TEACHER—"Very."—*Hudson Star.*

Red Light Showing.—PRETTY SHOP GIRL—"Could I interest you in a bathing costume, sir?"

MR. GAY—"You certainly could, baby, but my wife is over there at the glove counter."—*Boston Transcript.*

Playing Safe.—At a party in England, the headmaster of a local school felt that he had partaken rather freely of champagne; he determined to be careful and avoid showing any of the usual signs of tipsyness.

When they rose from the table some one suggested that the hostess exhibit "the latest addition to her family." She agreed and presently the nurse appeared with a dainty pink basket containing twins.

The headmaster was nearest and, mindful of his determination, he steadied himself and said as he gazed into the basket:

"What a beautiful baby!"—*Boston Transcript.*

Dolce far Niente.—"Jones always strikes me as an indolent sort of chap."

"Indolent? Why that fellow is so lazy he always runs his automobile over a bump to knock the ashes off his cigar."—*Boston Transcript.*

Prize Alibi.—"Don't you work in my motor plant?"

"Yes, boss."

"Didn't I tell you to make a garden?"

"Yes, boss."

"Where is your garden?"

"There it is, boss. I'm raising goldenrod for tires."—*The Louisville Courier.*

"Your hotel was recommended to me by a friend, but I'm most dissatisfied with the food and accommodation."

"That's nothing to do with me. Go and complain to your friend."

—"The Passing Show," London.

The Bright Lexicon of Flaming Youth.

ABASH. To shock people, formerly done without difficulty, to-day an almost impossible feat.

ABSENCE. Makes the heart grow fonder—but not always of the absent one.

ALLURE. See IT.

AMBIDEXTROUS. Not letting your right hand know who is holding your left.

AMMUNITION. See VANITY-CASE.

—*Oliver Herford in "The Deb's Dictionary."*

Some Parents Are So Careless.—"Speaking of signs," writes W. P., "I remember once standing in front of a grocery store and noticing the sign, 'A Swindler,' on the window. Entering, I asked the proprietor if it wouldn't look better if, instead of 'A,' he printed his full Christian name.

"'No,' he said, 'it would look worse. My first name is Adam.'"—*Boston Transcript.*

It's Up to Her.—A Scotch woman was dying in Dunfermline. She exprest the wish that her body be carried back to Ecclefechan, where she hailed from, because she felt that she could "not lie quiet in a grave in Dunfermline."

Of course, her husband could do nothing but acquiesce, and assured her "nae matter what the cost will be, if ye canna lie quiet in your grave in Dunfermline, we will take ye back to Ecclefechan, but I think we will try ye first in Dunfermline."—*Canadian Magazine.*

Slips That Pass in the Night

New Beauty Cult.—Ladies and gents cleaned, dyed, prest and remodeled.—*Los Angeles Examiner.*

Mind Your Eye!—Miss Ruth D—— will be honored Friday night at a bullet supper and bridge.—*Newark News.*

Soo-oo-oo-eeee!—

CONFESSED HOG THIEF
IS SENTENCED TO PEN

—*Lincoln State Journal.*

Depression Doomed.—Encouraging sins, in the opinion of Silas Strawn, President of the United States Chamber of Commerce, are appearing.—*Ithaca paper.*

Was the Bridegroom Consulted?—The bride is to be resurfaced with brick, laid herringbone style on a bed of sand with concrete mixture in the joints.—*Wilmington Evening Journal.*

Dear, Dear, We Never Thought It.—Rev. John Danford, Dayton, was a member of the resolutions committee which presented a request to the Federal Government to find a means of stopping the sale of wine bricks and beer bricks, to the Ohio Methodist Conference in Columbus.—*Urbana (Ohio) Daily Citizen.*

Spreading the Light.—

POLICE OF HAPEVILLE
ACCUSED OF PRAYING
ON PASSING TOURISTS

—*Bainbridge (Ga.) paper.*

Shock for the Waiter, Too.—"Why dear, I didn't mean——"

"I know you didn't, Wallace. Just be sweet to me and forgive me for being so nervous." She was more surprized than he to see her ears splashing on the table cloth.—*Birmingham News.*

Credit to Their Sex.—Mr. Beall was visited this week by Oichi Taguchi, director of the Japanese Government's poultry farm of the ministry of agriculture and forestry, who purchased 13 cockerels which produced over 300 eggs each annually.—*Tacoma (Wash.) Ledger.*

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